

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

10 CENTS A COPY
ONE YEAR \$2.50

*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

FEBRUARY 12, 1925
VOLUME 99, NO. 7



WINTER AIN'T SO BAD IN
THE COUNTRY—APPLES
IN THE SULLAR AND
POP CORN IN THE SHED
CHAMBER; PROVISIONS
'NOUGH TO LAST US
THROUGH—I DON'T CARE
HOW MUCH IT SNOWS..

IT'S BETTER FOR THE GRASS.. WHEN THE
SNOW COMES WINDOW HIGH I THINK OF
WHAT MY FATHER USED TO TELL ME: "YOU
TAKE NOTICE · CALEB—HOWEVER HIGH THE
SNOW IS IN FEBRUARY · JEST SO HIGH THE
GRASS'LL BE IN JUNE!"

—CALEB PEASLEE'S ALMANAC

SUCCESS IN ATHLETICS

is the title of a practical and authoritative series of articles for boys that will begin next week in the Department Pages. The first article will deal with **ORGANIZING**—a topic the importance of which can hardly be overstated. Girls will be especially interested in **PRESENTING THE DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY**. Women will find much to interest them in the new article in the Young Housewife series on **THE CARE OF WOOD FINISHES**. The Department Pages will carry fourteen columns packed with practical information.

The number for February 26 will contain a **SPECIAL RADIO SECTION**.

PERRY MASON COMPANY · BOSTON · MASSACHUSETTS



Ward's Spring and Summer Catalogue—Is Yours FREE

JUST imagine one vast floor, containing over 100 acres, and filled with sixty million dollars' worth of fresh, new merchandise!

That is exactly what is back of Ward's catalogue. That is what Ward's big stores contain.

And this Catalogue brings into your home the wonderful opportunity to choose whatever you wish, whatever you like best, from one of the greatest assortments of bright new merchandise ever gotten together.

Is a Saving of \$50 Interesting to You?

There is a saving of \$50 this season for you—if you write for this book and buy everything you need at Montgomery Ward & Co.

All over America we have searched for bargains. In Europe our buyers have found bargains for you. We have gone to every market where "quality" goods could be bought for cash at lower-than-market prices.

"Ward Quality" is a Guarantee of Satisfaction

We never sell unsatisfactory goods that are merely "cheap." We offer no "price baits." We never sacrifice quality to make a low price.

You will find it a pleasure to deal with a house like Ward's—where your satisfaction is the first consideration—where every piece of merchandise is tested to make sure it will give you service.

The first mail order guarantee published in 1876

Ward's originated the mail order business in 1872. In our Catalogue of 1876 we published the first mail order guarantee: "Your money back if you are not satisfied." And this spirit of the Golden Rule, of dealing as we would be dealt by, of selling only the satisfactory kinds of goods that we ourselves would want to buy—this spirit of satisfaction and service to our cus-

tomers has been the corner stone of Ward's for fifty-three years.

Everything for the Home, the Family and the Farm

The Woman—young or old—will find this Catalogue a pleasure. From the latest New York Fashions for the college girl, to the most beautiful new dresses and hats and coats for the mother—all selected in New York by our own Fashion experts.

Every Man will find all his needs supplied at a big Saving. Everything a man or boy wears or uses around the home and the farm, at money saving prices.

The Home has been our especial study. We try to offer the new things, household inventions, new designs in rugs or curtains, the best in furniture—everything that goes to make the delightful home. And our low prices often make possible the purchase of many more things than otherwise could be bought.

Your Orders are shipped within 24 hours

Your order will be shipped within 24 hours. That saves time. But remember, too, that one of our six houses is near to you. It takes less time for your letter to reach us, less time for the goods to get to you. It is quicker to order from Ward's.

To fill in this coupon now is to secure for you and your family the largest possible savings, a new pleasure, and a new experience in satisfactory service.

*Fill out
this Coupon*

To Montgomery Ward & Co. Dept. 72-H
Chicago Kansas City St. Paul
Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth

(Mail this coupon to our house nearest you.)

Please mail my free copy of Montgomery Ward's complete Spring and Summer Catalogue.

Name.....

Street or
R. F. D.....

P. O.....

State.....

Montgomery Ward & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1872

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Ft. Worth

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

Copyright, 1925, by Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY

BELOVED ACRES

By John H. Hamlin

Chapter One Distasteful documents

SELL the ranch! Every revolution of the car wheels seemed to din the words with increasing poignancy into Elizabeth Craymore's ears. Sell the ranch! How could they think of doing such a thing? Her mother's letter had been brief; her only explanation was, "The place is becoming a burden to all of us," which was no explanation at all to Elizabeth.

That her mother and her two brothers had made up their minds to sell was evident, for Mrs. Craymore had sent on a sheaf of legal documents for her daughter to sign. Upon the papers appeared the names of Mrs. Louise Grayson Craymore, Grayson Craymore and Ward Craymore; directly below the last name was a pencil mark indicating the line upon which they expected her to sign. But Elizabeth had pushed the papers away from her with a shudder; the distasteful documents seemed a terrible breach of loyalty to the memory of her father.

There was something relentlessly cruel in the legal descriptions of those beloved acres; Elizabeth could make nothing out of the "NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Township 25, Range 18 East M.D.B.M., etc." It was to her a senseless jumble of hieroglyphics, not at all in keeping with the vivid pictures of Craymore Acres that she always carried in her memory. And farther on in the bill of sale she had noted the lists of the farm implements—the enormous traction engine, the mowing machines, the rakes, the binders, the wagons—every one of which seemed to clamor to her of happy days spent on the big ranch with her father. Then there were the ten hundred and forty-six head of cattle, the pigs, the chickens, the turkeys and the horses.

Elizabeth's heart sank when she read the item concerning the horses. Undoubtedly her slender-limbed mare, Trixie, was included in the sixty-five head. Her father had had the mare broken specially for her own private use. She was a dainty, satin-coated sorrel with the softest nose, the most liquid eyes, a gait that was springy and a disposition that was both spirited and kindly. Sell her Trixie mare! Sell the ranch! Never, not while she had a word to say about it!

So instead of placidly signing her name to the deed Elizabeth had hurriedly tossed her things into her trunk, crammed the horrid documents into her packed bags and boarded the first train leaving Reno for Glenning, the pretty country village in northern California just fifteen miles from the ranch, where her father had built a commodious town house for his family.

Of her abrupt departure she had not even taken time to telephone to the business college where she had been pursuing a desultory course in bookkeeping and shorthand. Nor did she have any close friends in the city to whom she cared to say good-by. It occurred to her that she was pitifully destitute of close friends, that there was no one who could sympathize with her in this tragic crisis. Even the landlady presiding over the private boarding house where she had been living for the past six months was indifferently affected by Elizabeth's leave-taking.



On the way home—a journey that consumed ten long hours over a colorless expanse of sagebrush and sand—the girl had much time to ponder the past, the present and the future. And always with pounding regularity the car wheels seemed to drum out the words: "Sell the ranch! Sell the ranch!"

The girl's brain was confused. Never in her life had she felt so keenly alone, so bereft of friends, so heart-hungry for her father, whose companionship had been tenderly close and understanding. Elizabeth lived over again those happy years when she had ridden across the broad acres by her father's side. He had often told her his plans for the splendid ranch, how anxious he was to get it on a paying basis; for he had expended most of his ready cash on the property. The investment had called for upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; during the five years in which Mr. Craymore had owned the place he had schemed and scrimped in order to stock the range properly with blooded cattle and good horses and to cultivate more acreage each successive season. The problems were many and complicated, but he was slowly overcoming them. Had he lived a few years longer, Craymore Acres would have been the best-paying ranch in all Clover Creek Valley. And then right after he had completed building the fine home in Glenning that his wife and daughter might not have to be isolated on the ranch he had died. Now within two short years the family wished to sell!

Elizabeth could not keep the tears back; nor could she banish from her mind the memories of the wonderful years spent out there on the sweeping expanse of those beloved acres. She loved the way the great, timber-clad Sierras encroached upon the western border of their land; she pictured the purple shadows stealing from the foot of those bulking mountains and creeping farther and farther over the pasture lands, slipping over the quaint rail fences into the shimmering seas of redtop and clover, farther yet to the highway that cut through the ranch, and then sliding into the lower fields where her father had successfully experimented with the growing of wheat and oats. And when the misty, wavering veil touched the bare mountains on the far side of Clover Creek Valley the peaks would glisten and glow with a blaze of glory that remained even after the purple shadows



DRAWN BY CHARLES LANSSELL

"Oh, la-la, Beths,—me, I see you in ze glass wif soch a face"

had swept over the summit. Watching those evening shadows had been more fascinating to the fifteen-year-old girl than sitting through an absorbing play.

Elizabeth was happy in knowing that she shared the passionate love that her father had felt for Craymore Acres. Bits of his talk came to her: "Beth, you're a stanch little pal of your father's." Thus he had spoken when she had risen at four o'clock one morning to ride with him to the reservoir three miles up a mountain trail after both her brothers had begged to be excused the night before. Instead of finding reasons to be excused from joining her father on his excursions about the ranch Elizabeth had more often teased to go when a girl would be in the way.

While she was deep in such meditations a rippling peal of laughter that jarred discordantly on her nerves brought her back to the painful present. She knew that laugh, but for a moment could not place it. Then she caught sight of a little hat slanted at a pert angle on a dusky head bobbing above the seat at the end of the car.

"Clotilde Merceau! Oh, I hope she doesn't see me!" thought Elizabeth, shrinking at the idea of having to talk with the daughter of the man who was named as the would-be buyer of Craymore Acres.

"Beths Craymore!" Elizabeth shuddered. So it was she herself who had caused the rippling peal. Now that she looked more closely she could detect the twinkling black eyes of Clotilde watching her in the narrow panel of mirror in the end wall. Clotilde arose, shook out her skirts carefully and tripped airily down the aisle.

"Oh, la-la, Beths,—me, I see you in ze glass wif soch a face,—comme ci, comme ça!"

The girl pulled her piquant face into long, solemn lines and pursed her coral lips dolefully. "But eet is so very good to find some one I know, eh? Will eet not make the time to pass mos' nizely if we shall together sit?"

While Clotilde, daughter of Victor Merceau, who owned the C'est Bien Ranch, which adjoined Craymore Acres, settled

herself opposite her Elizabeth stole a look at her own reflection in the glass. Even as Clotilde had described her so she looked to herself, and there was the French girl's reflection in direct contrast with her own. "A gloom and a grin!" The thought flashed through Elizabeth's mind. She tossed her head, blinked her eyes and moistened her lips. There, that was better already! Her brown eyes lit up with a faint smile; tendrils of wavy brown hair softened the slightly heavy outlines of her face, and her lips parted becomingly and revealed her small white teeth.

"O-oh, Beths, how that is improve you! Now you are pretty!"

The very way in which Clotilde spoke her name grated on Elizabeth; it always had grated ever since she had first met the French Canadian girl in the little district school out at Clover Creek Valley.

"Eet is many months since I saw you las', yes! Where is eet dat you have been, and now dat your mama she sell I guess mebbe for sure you never come out to Clover Creek, eh?"

Elizabeth's heart doubled its beat when she heard the prospective sale of the ranch spoken of in such a matter-of-fact fashion. Since Clotilde Merceau knew it, all of Clover Creek Valley, Glenning, the whole countryside, would be gossiping about the transaction. Elizabeth compressed her lips; she resented the pretence of friendliness of this girl whose broken English was a mere affectation, whose popularity in Clover Creek was based on her sprightly manner, her "cute" Frenchy ways, her vivacity and good looks.

Elizabeth was at a loss what to say. She dared not deny the rumor, for that would give Clotilde something else to talk about—dissension in the Craymore family; but it hurt her to think that things had gone so far that Clotilde could speak with such assurance.

"That is what brings me home, Clotilde," she said at last. "We are going to reconsider the question. There is a possibility that we may change our minds and not sell."

"What, not sell!" exclaimed Clotilde, throwing up her hands in a gesture that expressed more than her words. And then the girl began to laugh, the same rippling peal that had so jarred before on Elizabeth's taut nerves. "But eet is impossible for you nize people not to sell. A big ranch ees not for people who have no love for ze country. Ah, eet is too fonnice, dat big brother Grayson, who make soch a joke of running dat



Grandmother Grayson
gently hovered over
the girl

ranch. *Tout le monde* say he should be painting ze lovely, fine ladies somewhere else, not on a ranch for ze cattle. Oh, la-la, Beths, all day he sit in and paint when he should be out and work."

"But there is our foreman; there are the men we pay to do the hard work," protested Elizabeth, cringing at the estimate of her elder brother.

"Dat ees like you, Beths, like all you so nize Craymores. You say, 'Do dis, do dat!' and den you run away,—ze same like yourself,—you run, oh, so far away and have ze grand disappointment when eet is not done. Your foreman, he quit; all ze men what Grayson hire dey quit. Why? Because he sit in de house all day and forget all but what he paints. For sure you must sell!"

"Not if I can help it!" There, it was out before she thought. Elizabeth caught the snapping lights in the French girl's eyes, the shrug of her expressive shoulders.

"Pouff!" It was a single significant word, and it carried a great weight.

To Elizabeth it was the throwing down of the gauntlet. Her own shoulders stiffened; her lips tightened, and then and there her resolve not to sell Craymore Acres to the father of this French girl, the man who had thwarted her father in innumerable ways, was strengthened a hundredfold.

Clotilde regained her poise almost immediately. Her white teeth were gleaming, and her black eyes laughed as she turned to Elizabeth: "Is eet dat you come out and run de ranch yourself, eh? Always when you was little you ride moch wid your papa. For sure you come out and run dat ranch. Mebbe you get Grayson to paint ze barn and not ze picture of ze barn—ha-ha!"

Elizabeth had no answer to the taunt. Her mind was in a turmoil. Clotilde had painted an accurate picture of conditions at Craymore Acres; but even so Beth's resolve did not weaken. Instead she threw off the sombre forebodings and changed the topic of conversation. And while she chatted about friends and happenings at Glenning and at Clover Creek Valley she studied her unquestionably attractive companion. Why was it that the French girl was so popular and she, Beth Craymore, found it so hard to make friends? Clotilde was not only popular but extremely capable. She could cook and sew; she was not above milking a string of cows; and she had been known to run a mowing machine and ride an unbroken colt. Always she was cheerful and lively. Nearly everyone admired her affected mode of speech,—a fact that she knew very well. Elizabeth felt a pang of envy when she thought of the scant impression that she had made while at the university, and later in the six months she had spent at the business college. Not a soul there would regret her departure. How different it would have been with Clotilde Merceau!

When the train pulled into Glenning station a noisily demonstrative group of people were waiting to greet Clotilde. Not one of Elizabeth's own family or of her particular friends was there. Of course no one had been notified of her home coming; still, if she had notified them all, who besides her own immediate family would have taken the trouble to welcome her home?

Elizabeth's spirits were at low ebb when she stepped upon the station platform of her home town. Never before had she stopped to

analyze her own shortcomings, to draw comparisons between herself and such a person as Clotilde Merceau and make the comparison unfavorable to herself. She had caught a fleeting glimpse of herself as a self-centred, uncharitable girl who gave nothing and received nothing. But the glimpse was no more than fleeting. Holding her head high, and looking neither to right nor to left, she approached the one motor bus in sight and gave orders to the chauffeur to drive her to the Craymore home.

"My dear Beth, how good it is to see you!" It was Grandmother Grayson who opened the door—a delightful vision with daintily puffed and curled white hair, rose-leaf cheeks and a quaintly voluminous dress of thin, summery material enveloping her small figure. The smile that illuminated the softly rounded face and the loving welcome that shone from her clear hazel eyes went straight to the heart of the troubled girl.

"Grandmother, oh, how sweet it is to see you again!" murmured Beth, holding the slight form of her grandmother close in her arms.

"There, there, dearie," replied Grandmother Grayson.

There was a boundless understanding in the three words, and, relaxing for a moment, the girl felt comforted and refreshed.

"Your mother is out, Beth. She will feel dreadfully, you coming home and she not here to welcome you. She did not expect you, but somehow, dearie, I thought perhaps you would come home. Sit down and rest while I get you a cup of tea. I have missed you, my dear Beth." And out of the room she fluttered.

"Oh, please God," murmured Elizabeth, "when I grow old let me be like my Grandmother Grayson!" It was not a new prayer, but she uttered it more fervently than ever before.

By the time the girl had removed her hat and her gloves and leisurely looked round the familiar big living room Grandmother Grayson had placed a tray upon the dining room table and was cheerily calling to her granddaughter.

"Come, Beth, I know what a tiresome, dusty trip you have had. My dear, I believe you are looking better than you did. I am sure you have got along nicely in your studies." Grandmother Grayson gently hovered over the girl, patting her shoulder and lightly caressing her hair. "Here, do try this marmalade. I made it, Beth, from the apricots growing right here on your mother's lot."

"Grandmother, it is delicious! What has mother said about selling the ranch?" Beth could not keep back the question uppermost in her mind.

"Perhaps your mother can tell you better than I, Beth. She will be home very soon. Now that I think of it I believe she was to call on her lawyer this afternoon."

"But, grandmother, I don't want them to sell! That is why I came home. I just can't bear to think of our selling that splendid ranch. Father loved it so, and I—I—"

"There, there, dearie." Those same comforting three words, but never a thing for or against selling the ranch.

That was always the way; Grandmother Grayson never expressed her own private opinion in regard to matters that did not concern her. Whatever she heard either in confidence or in ordinary conversation she guarded; and, unless she was sure it would give pleasure or was a compliment that might add to some one's happiness, she was never known to repeat anything of a personal nature.

Just then steps sounded on the front porch; the door opened, and in came Mrs. Craymore. Her slender figure was silhouetted in the doorway, and the slanting beams of the setting sun brought out reddish strands in the masses of her blonde hair. Elizabeth was startled at the extreme girlishness of her mother's appearance, but when she ran towards her she was shocked at the tracery of lines freshly accumulated at the corners of her mother's mouth and eyes.

"Mother!" cried the girl. "I just couldn't stay away after I got your letter."

"Beth, this is a surprise, but I am glad you came. How are you, my dear?" There was loving solicitude in the mother's voice, but just the faintest suggestion of disapproval even when she kissed her daughter affectionately.

"Mother, I am afraid you will be disappointed, but I just can't make up my mind to sell the ranch." Beth wanted to get the avowal over with at the soonest possible moment. Unconsciously she noticed that her grandmother had quietly picked up the

tray and was slipping unobtrusively from the room.

"But, my dear Beth," began Mrs. Craymore, scrutinizing her daughter closely. She noticed the expression of discontent in the petulant lips, the tiny crease between the eyebrows. "It is imperative that we sell. I am at my wits' end. Your father's life was insured for fifteen thousand dollars, and that is all the cash we have had to live on since his death. The ranch has been running in debt. Grayson takes no interest in it; both he and Ward are anxious to sell. Ward's expenses have been heavy, yours also, and Grayson is continually drawing on me instead of turning over any profits from the ranch. Surely, Beth, when you understand how matters are you cannot hold out against the wishes of your brothers. I—I am really alarmed every time I check up my bank balance. So I see no other way out."

Beth paused; then she went to her bag and took from it the sheaf of documents and handed it to her mother. "Here, mother, take them. You must give me time to think. I cannot sign them now."

"But Mr. Merceau has deposited the money in the bank for us. He probably will not consent to any further delay," Mrs. Craymore protested.

"I cannot help that," replied Beth. "I shall go out to the ranch and have a talk with Grayson. I shall go the first thing in the morning."



ONE afternoon early in February Clam Baker and Stag Hunt were sitting on the window seat of their room in

Rosewood Hall, occupied each with his own thoughts. Clam, who had been reading about Warwick the Kingmaker, was mending his lacrosse stick and wondering how a fellow must feel right after he has made a king. Stag was idly cutting his initials in the window sill and wondering how he might earn a little pocket money.

"Clam," said Stag at last, "I wish I had more money. It's terrible to be short all the time the way I am!"

Clam grinned and wanted to know how a fellow five feet four inches in height could expect to be anything except short. "You're like Napoleon, Stag; he was always short."

"Don't be funny," retorted Stag, and, getting up in disgust, he went to his desk.

For a while he sat looking gloomily at the books and papers that littered the top. Then his gaze rested on his calendar and on "February 14th," and he sprang to his feet.

"Clam! I've got it! It came to me—zip!—just like that!"

"It ought to be good," said Clam dryly. "What is it?"

"Why, a way to earn some money! The fourteenth is Valentine's Day, and you know how the fellows are; they'll be wanting to send valentines."

"Of course," said Clam; "that's what Valentine's Day is for."

"Well," continued Stag excitedly, "I'm pretty handy with water colors; I'll get up a few cards, put an original verse on each and sell 'em to the fellows! A little sentiment, you know; that's what takes these days. Want me to make a card for you?"

"No, thanks," replied Clam. "If I ever feel sentimental, I'd rather write my own verses."

But the other fellows were less cautious than Clam; when Stag mentioned his scheme to them that evening they colored up a bit and told him to go ahead with his cards. "Sure," said Skinny Beane, "but remember, Stag, no funny stuff!"

"Of course not!" replied Stag in an injured tone. "Any—er—particular name you'd like worked into the poetry, Skin?"

"Oh, no," said Skinny. "Oh, no—that is—er—well, Rose Hamilton, if you really have to have a name."

Stag understood; and when with the

"I trust that you are not going to be unreasonable, Beth," Mrs. Craymore said uneasily. "You must remember that Grayson is very happy over the prospect of being relieved of further responsibilities in managing the ranch."

"But you are selling at such a pitiful sacrifice, mother, and to that horrid Mr. Merceau. Why, he boasted almost before father's death that Craymore Acres would be his inside two years. I cannot consent to its being sold to him at the figure he offers. I'd rather go out there and manage it myself than sell it to him."

Beth was unaware that her bold assertion sprang from her resentment over Clotilde's ironic thrusts.

"I did not realize you felt so keenly about the place, Beth. But, preposterous as it may sound, I fear that Grayson will take you at your word if you make such a proposal to him. He had fully made up his mind to leave the ranch as soon as we heard from you, never doubting that you would sign the papers. I advise you to broach the subject to him more tactfully than you have to your mother. He has been in one of his temperamental moods of late."

Mrs. Grayson sank wearily into a chair, and Elizabeth stood there wavering between the wish to please her troubled mother and the resolve to fight the thing through according to her own aroused determination.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HUNT THE POET

By Russell Gordon Carter

exercise of considerable tact he had learned what names Finny Finlayson, Pinky Winkle and the rest preferred he bought his cards and water colors and set to work.

Stag was clever with water colors, and he soon had a number of cards tastefully decorated with flowers and doves and shivering cupids. Writing the verses, however, was a good deal harder, for Stag's pen lacked the skill of his brush; but after he had composed the verse for Skinny's card he was sure he could do the others.

He did them. Several days before the saint's birthday he announced to the fellows that they could have their special cards that evening for twenty-five cents apiece. He was confident that after they had seen the verses they would want extra cards, one to tack on the wall above their desks perhaps and one to carry round in their pockets. Stag had a good opinion of those verses.

Right after supper Skinny entered, looking rather sheepish. "Oh, hello, Clam; didn't know you were in. Say, Stag, I—er—thought maybe you had—er—something for me—"

"Give him his valentine, Stag," said Clam. Skinny blinked, and Stag produced the proper card. Skinny glanced at it hastily and looked pleased; then he read the verse and turned fiery red. In neat letters Stag had printed:

The ROSE is red like a summer cloud
Sailing o'er the sea.
If you don't know who sent you this,
Just call up old SKIN-NY!

"Old Skin-ny" didn't pause even to say thank you, but left the room as if he had just remembered an important engagement.

"Bashful," said Clam.

Just then Pinky entered diffidently. "Er—say—"

"Here you are, Pinky," said Stag, passing him the valentine that Pinky was planning to send to Eleanor Westmore.

Pinky took it and read:

Sweet ELEANOR, with dimples deep,
You must be mine to have and keep.
I love your hair all fair and kinky—
It means a lot to your old PINKY!

"Your old Pinky" went out the door as if he had just remembered half a dozen important engagements!

"Bashful," said Clam again.

At that moment Finny entered, stopped short at sight of Clam and then took the card that Stag passed to him. He read it slowly:

When the May bells are ringing, MABEL dear,
And the little birds are singing in the dell,
Away with Grace and Prue and Minnie—
They don't look good to little FINNY!

"Little Finny," who stood six feet two without his shoes, gave Stag just one look; and one was enough! Then out he went.



"Clam," said Stag, "what do you suppose is the matter with him? Did you see the way he looked at me? Not a word about paying either!"

"Free verse," muttered Clam and then inquired: "What did you write on his card?"

Stag passed him the piece of scrap paper on which he had written all his verses. Clam read them, turned his back for a moment and then faced his roommate again. "Maybe he'll pay you later, Stag."

And just then Red Lane entered. "Stag, have you got that—er—paper copied for me yet? I'll fix it up with you later."

"Shoot him his valentine," said Clam. Red started, and you could hardly see where his face began and his hair left off; they were both the same color. He took the card and went out at once. But in the corridor he paused and read:

Whither away, little CLARA O'HARA?
Whither away, pretty maid?
With a flash of your eyes and a toss of
your head—
Don't whither away from your RED!

Only the presence of Clam prevented "your Red" from rushing back into the room and shaking the living daylight out of the "fresh little shrimp." Red clenched his fists. He'd teach Stag how to trifle with the noble name of O'Hara! And, spying a laundry bag outside one of the doors, he proceeded to kick it before him down the corridor.

Sometime later in the evening Squash Bush and Happy Day entered the room together. Clam looked on silently as they read the cards that Stag handed to them. Watching Squash's lips, Clam recognized the verse as Squash read it to himself:

I don't aspire to be great
Like Caesar's ghost or General Foch;
All I ask, O MYRTLE, dear,
Is just to be your little SQUASH.

"Well, how do you like it?" inquired Clam, but "little Squash" was moving toward the door so fast that the question probably never caught up with him.

"Say, Stag," cried Happy just then, "I like this! Did you write it or copy it from Shakespeare or somebody? Listen, Clam—" and he read:

TO LILY

Frosty nights, clear and snappy;
May every DAY be always HAPPY!

"Shakespeare never wrote that!" said Clam.

"Well, I like it anyway," Happy declared. "There's nice sentiment to that, and it's subtle." Happy's round face beamed with pride. "At first Lily won't know who sent it, and she'll pin it up on her wall. Then she'll see 'Happy' at the end in capital letters, and then she'll see 'Day' in capitals too, and she'll know I sent it!" And Happy paid his quarter, ordered another card just like it and went out whistling.



DRAWINGS BY
W. P. DODGE

"There!" said Stag. "That's the way I like to do business! Happy's a gentleman!"

"But not a scholar," observed Clam.

"I'm going to bed; I'm sleepy."

But there were some in Rosewood Hall who were extremely wakeful. Down in Skinny's room were gathered Skinny and Finny, Red and Pinky and Squash. Misery was their hostess; they had compared verses.

"It's the worst piece of nerve I ever heard of!" declared Squash as if he had heard of a good deal in his life. "Comic valentines!"

"You chirped it!" said Pinky. "Comic valentines, that's what they are! He ought to be—ought to be—"

"Strangled!" added Finny savagely.

"Yes, but if we do that," said Skinny, "he might post the verses all around the campus out of spite, you know."

"Not if I strangle him!" Finny declared more savagely than before.

"No, it won't do to be rough," Skinny argued.

"Well, then let's just not pay him," suggested Squash. "He'd hate that worse than being strangled!"

"No, that won't do either," retorted Skinny. "He probably would post the verses to get even."

"Well, what do you suggest?" Red asked gloomily.

"Tact," replied Skinny. "Don't let on that you're sore. Pay him for the cards, and that's all. If he asks how you like 'em, say you're tickled pink."

"Wouldn't that be a white lie?" suggested Squash.

"No; it would be irony—red-hot irony!" And Skinny grinned.

So they paid Stag for his work, and during the next few days whenever he mentioned cards or verses they were politely ironic. But Stag took their words at their face value, and as a result his opinion of himself as a poet—which was already good, owing to Happy's frank praise—went up by leaps and bounds.

"Clam," he said one evening, "I'd like to try for the Literary." Stag referred to the college monthly magazine, which printed a page of serious verse in every issue.

"Sure, go ahead," said Clam. "I would if I couldn't do anything better."

"I've already made a little money with my poetry," continued Stag. "I don't see why I shouldn't be able to make the Lit and then sell stuff to the big magazines. If I could sign each poem 'Hunt the Poet of the Bittersweet Literary Staff,' it would probably make my work more salable."

"It certainly helps to have a reputation," replied Clam solemnly.

After a pause Stag drew forth a card from his pocket and passed it to Clam. "I consider this the best of my work," he said; "it's a valentine for H. C." Of course "H. C." could stand for no other than Hortense Claire, the "only girl."

Clam read it aloud:

On with the HUNT: the STAG'S at bay:
Loose the hounds and shout hooray!
Au CLAIRE de lune 'tis common sense
The STAG must fall to sweet HORTENSE.

"It's allegory-like," Stag explained.

"Sounds gory all right," replied Clam. "Guns and rifles and bloodhounds and everybody yelling! The girl's name ought to be Diana. Why don't you change it, Stag?"

"I—I think Hortense would like it better with her own name," said Stag. That was probably true.

"Well, the rhythm's good," Clam admitted.

"Yeh," said Stag eagerly, "rhythm's the main thing in poetry. The way to get it is to pound on the desk with one hand while you write. Da, da—da, da—da, da—da, da!—

like that." Stag's opinion of his ability went a notch higher.

And after Valentine's Day when Happy came in and said that the shrewd and clever Lily had figured the verse out just as he had predicted and was "terribly pleased" and a note arrived from Hortense saying she was sure her verse was "divine" and "inspired" because it took her several hours to get the sense of it Stag's good opinion of himself carried him up among the clouds.

"Yes, sir!" he cried. "Clam, I'm going out for the Literary. I'll submit a lot of good stuff, and they'll just naturally want me on the staff. Then I'll make big money writing for the big magazines!"

Clam was thoughtful.

"I tell you what, Stag," he said at last, "if you'd like, I'll be your agent. Every good writer ought to have an agent—saves time and worry and postage. Then you know I'm well acquainted with the Lit crowd, and you're not. What per cent do I want? Oh, none; I guess a fellow ought to do something for his roommate once in a while."

"Clam, you're a good scout!" cried Stag. "Shake!"

During the next few days Stag wrote verses and passed them on to Clam, who read them always with his back turned.

"Any luck?" Stag would say on an average of three times a day, and Clam would reply:

"Not yet, Stag. Don't worry. I'm your agent, and I'll take care of you. That's what Dick Warwick used to say to Eddie the Fourth."

So Stag continued to pound on his desk and grind out his verses. Any little incident

in the life of the campus he was sure to chronicle; every open or secret longing of the student body he was sure to measure and metre to the tune of da, da—da, da—da, da—da, da!

Then one day two weeks later Stag received a visit from Inky Squires, editor of the humorous magazine, the Bittersweet Pill.

"Say, Stag," Inky began, "Clam has been sending me a lot of funny copy of yours. Great stuff! Remember it? You wrote some of it for comic valentines, didn't you?"

Stag drew himself up indignantly. "Funny copy! Why, I've been writing for the—"

But Inky Squires went right on without noticing: "Like to have you with us in the Pill Box, Stag. We're looking for a man who can write that sort of stuff. Clam says all you have to do is pound on your desk, and out it comes like chewing gum out of a slot machine. What do you say?"

Suddenly Stag's point of view shifted. They liked his stuff on the Pill! They were inviting him, begging him to join! Why, he had suddenly become famous! Perhaps some of his verses were amusing; he wouldn't argue about that. Clam was his agent, and Clam ought to know the market.

"Why, if you really want me—" Stag began.

"Shake!" said Inky. And Stag shook and then shook again two days later when he took his initiation.

As for Clam, when he heard the good news he was sure he knew just how Dick Warwick must have felt when he boosted Edward IV up on the throne of England.

COASTS OF PERIL

Chapter Ten
Bob's happiest moment

By George Allan England



seemed a toy beside such giant heights, sighted the day mark of Petit St. Pierre on its ugly rock and so left Ile aux Vainqueurs and Ile aux Chiens on the port beam. Ile aux Chiens was dotted with fishermen's houses over which a white church loomed.

"We're comin' into the Rade now," Boxworthy remarked. "The town's in furdur at the end of what they calls the Barachois. Ye'll see it wonderful soon, b'y."

Bob thanked him, smiling at the good chandler's wet and draggled air. Hatless now and appearing more like a drowned rat than a man, Boxworthy like Unk plainly revealed the hardships they had endured; and Bob too, looked the part of an all but shipwrecked mariner.

But Bob didn't care. He was happy. To have escaped death by so lucky a chance as having old man Gribbins's lucky Chinese penny and by knotting a yoke rope and to be really getting to St. Pierre in time to keep his promise filled his cup of contentment to the brim.

All at once the town opened out before them—a gray old town dominated by melancholy hills and by a stormy sky against which the mighty cross of Le Calvaire stood out. Bob's heart leaped at sight of the capital of the ancient French colony. St. Pierre at last!

"Well, there she bes," remarked Unk. "Us had what I denominates a wonderful close call, but us got through."

Bob studied the prospect with intense eagerness. Town and harbor seemed rich in interest. No end of schooners, trawlers and steamships were lying at anchor, including a French battleship and a beautiful white hospital ship just in from the Banks. Every flag that flew was the brave tricolor of France.

A long line of dories moored to a can buoy attracted Bob's attention. The fishermen in the dories he saw were all busily jiggling for squid. Bob smiled at memory of his own experience with squid off Port-aux-Basques. How green he had been in those days, really only three weeks ago, but seemingly a year!

Well, in spite of everything he had succeeded. A hundred difficulties had risen up before him to hold him back from keeping his promise. He had overcome them all. Let us not be hard on Bob or blame him overmuch if just a little tinge of pride crept into his heart.

"There's the Frigot where y'r brother works," Boxworthy said suddenly, pointing at an imposing concrete and metal structure

An hour from that time thrée drenched and exhausted navigators looked with unspeakable relief at the foam-dashed cliffs that buttressed Cap à l'Aigle against the hungry surf. High overhead, wheeling in great circles, sea fowl, screaming noisily, dipped and soared like squadrons of aviators at practice. Cap Rouge raised its red majesty against the long Atlantic surges that, green as paint, thundered among the sea caves at the base of the stupendous cliffs.

Presently the little thirty-footer, which



He caught up a chair, brandished it and rushed

round which clustered derricks, tugs and lighters.

Bob's nerves tingled at sight of it. "I didn't think these people had anything as big as that 'way up here!'" he exclaimed.

"Oh, they bes a lot of things at St. Pierre ye'd hardly expect to find," said the draggled Boxworthy, smiling. "Them bes a purty live bunch, these here Frenchies. Ye got to watch out fer 'em, or they'll pull y'r eye teeth, an' that's true as the light!"

Bob fell silent. He had already experienced one brush with a St. Pierre man and had come off second best. His pride fell. Now that he had nearly reached his brother and the facts would have to become known, he didn't feel quite so "chesty" after all.

"Yender's where us'll land, b'y," announced Unk, pointing at an inclined plane that led up alongside a wharf.

A kind of informal reception committee had idly begun to gather there. By the foggy afternoon light Bob saw that some of the people were wearing tight striped jerseys, little round Basque caps and big wooden shoes. A big *gendarme* in the regulation blue uniform came down the quay with dignity. Bob didn't like the *gendarme* any more than he had liked the constable at Port-aux-Basques. Stowaways and travelers without passports naturally don't thirst to encounter the law.

Now Boxworthy slowed the engine and cut it off. As its noise died Bob could hear the people on the quay talking French. He felt thrilled as he realized that he was now in a country where he was a foreigner. Boxworthy steered in behind a well-built stone breakwater that sheltered masses of dories and brought the motor boat against the inclined plane. It jarred and came to rest.

"All ashore!" cried the chandler with a nod and a wave of the hand at several Frenchmen who recognized and hailed him. But Bob wasn't quite ready to go. There was something he wanted, something he wouldn't for worlds have forgotten. He raised the engine housing, unwound the string from the spark plug, unscrewed his Chinese coin and put it into his pocket. "I owe you fifteen dollars for bringing me over here," he said to Boxworthy and smiled, "but here's one piece of money nobody can have!"

"Owe me nothin', ye don't!" Boxworthy replied. "Us is here, an' so's this boat 'count of you! So don't lemme hear ye say nothin' more like that, b'y, or I'll be wonderful ugly. Now, b'y, oot wid ye an' ketch the string!"

He pitched the boy's water-soaked ditty-bag out on the incline. Bob scrambled over the gunwale and for the first time in his life set foot on French territory. He made the boat fast to a ring dog. The two others clambered out; and then all three, drenched, stiff and chilly, tramped in their big boots up to the Quai de la Roncière.

Some of the fishermen and townsfolk who

knew Boxworthy and old Unk edged in and offered greetings in French and broken English. But Bob had other matters on his mind.

"I've got no passport!" he said to the chandler in a low voice. "I—I can fix that up later, and when they know how I lost it they'll probably let me stay till I can get a duplicate, but—"

"H'm! No passport? That's bad! Us don't need 'em, comin' an' goin' all the time from the coast. But ye, an American—"

Unk, who was quicker-witted, drew Boxworthy and Bob aside away from the gathering group. "Talk easy, man," he said in a lowered voice. "Some of these here Frenchies might un'stand us more'n us wants. This b'y here can pass fer a Newf'un'lander if he stay in them hileskins an' don't carry off his bag rate now. Us'll keep his bag fer him aboard till he finds his brother. Back she goes, or them'll bodder him sure, them jaunty arms will."

The chandler nodded, returned down the incline and tossed the bag into the cuddy. "Come alaang now," he commanded, re-joining the others. "Say nothin', but come!"

Unmolested, they clumped off across the broad quay. Bob's water-logged boots clattered over the stones. He felt a great anxiety, an eagerness to find his brother, that set his heart to pounding a little. Was Paul really here, or had he already left? And where was he to be found? A bell tolling from a schooner near the quay told him by its single stroke that the hour was one bell of the first dog watch, or half past four in the afternoon. From the sea fog had begun to drift in. Daylight was fading.

Ordinarily St. Pierre would have fascinated Bob. A strange, ancient town surely! Here an ox team toiled along, dragging a heavy wagon with solid wooden wheels. Beside the oxen trudged a red-girdled Basque, waving a wand with cries of, "*Hu-dia!*" A trio of sailors passed, dangling net bags that held huge round loaves of bread. Farther on a shaggy black dog in harness was dragging along a light wagon loaded with fish. He was driven by a thin little girl whose "*Allez! Allez!*" urged him on.

Bob gave scarcely a glance to these entertaining sights. Cold, shivering and anxious, he walked beside the chandler, not knowing where he was going or what was best to do.

"Where's the Frigot from here?" he suddenly asked. "I guess I'd better make a break for that, hadn't I?"

"A laang w'y oot of town," Boxworthy answered. "Nigh oot to Cap à l'Aigle."

Ye're half frozen now. Come to the Caffy de France wid us an' have a cup of coffee. Mug up first an' then go huntin'!"

The whistle of a steamer piercing the foggy air startled the boy. "Where's the Halifax boat?" he demanded, stopping in his tracks. "I've got to find that right now!"

Unk pointed down the quay. "Ye're right, b'y," he agreed. "Ye'll find it off yender. Find y'r brother if ye can. If not, just come back to we!"

"At the Caffy de France, mind," Boxworthy added as Bob turned and made off in the direction Unk had shown him.

Bob's boots clattered more than ever as he hurried toward the dock of the Halifax boat. He passed a building marked *Douane*, skirted a huge storehouse and ran down a rugged street alongside a cream-tinted, plastered building with hinged windows and with a great sign that read: *Télégraphe Français*.

Then all at once Bob stopped short as he beheld just coming out of the cable office a familiar figure in a long, belted overcoat and a loose cap.

"Paul!" Bob's cry made his brother wheel sharply. Bob clumped forward over the rough stones. His hands quivered, outstretched.

Paul Graham blinked with eyes that failed to understand. He saw a water-soaked, disreputable seaman in oilskins and heavy boots, running toward him,—a young seaman with a sou'wester tied down on a brine-plastered mop of uncut, ragged hair.

"Paul! Paul! Don't you know me?"

"Well, of all things!"

Bob stumbled up to his brother and seized him by the hand with a grip that hurt, for Bob's muscles had grown hard.

"What? You?"

"Yes, it's me, Paul!" Bob cried. "It's me!"

"I—I'm here and—"

Paul grabbed him in a hug that astounded two or three leisurely passers-by. Then he turned him loose, whacked him on the shoulder and laughed a little wildly. "You, Bob! Where—"

"Did you think I was drowned or something?"

"Where in the world have you been? We've been scared—"

"It's all right, Paul! I—I'm here. Nothing has happened—much. I'm here anyhow!"

"Scared stiff! Cables and everything! Not a trace of you! Where'd you disappear to from North Sydney? Where've you been? What's the idea of these togs? What have you been doing and—"

"I'll tell you if you'll let me!" Bob interrupted him, laughing a little. He felt quite out of breath and was flushed and shaking. "You—father and mother—I hope you didn't think—"

"Why didn't you let us know if—"

"Couldn't! No way to cable—had no money at North Sydney! And after that wasn't where I could cable! Worked my way—"

"No money? You had fifty dollars at—"

"Yes, but a man stole it—and my passport! And—"

"Stole it? How? Who?"

"Don't laugh at me, Paul! I know I've been a boob, as you said I'd be, but—"

"Laugh at you? I should say not! After the scare you've given us? Don't worry! And you've done wonders too. But tell me who robbed you? How? Where?"

"Frenchman at Glace Bay. He grabbed my passport too. I stowed away and worked as a coddler and as a cookee and came over in a thirty-footer from Grand Bank—nearly got drowned too. Please don't call me a—"

"Hold on, Bob!" his brother interrupted him. "You're swamping me with adventures!"

I can't get 'em so fast. You're here anyhow. That's the main thing. Now I can take you up to the Frigot and introduce you before I leave for Halifax. So it's all right! It's—"

"When d'you leave, Paul?"

"Little over an hour. Tide may delay the steamer, though. May be an hour and a half. Here, let me shoot a cable off to Le Havre!"

Paul turned and ducked into the cable office. In two or three minutes he popped out again, smiling all over his good-humored face. "That's done anyhow!" he exclaimed. "Now get your things if you've got any, and we'll beat it up to the Frigot boarding house. Where's your bag?"

"My suitcase? I haven't any—"

"Oh, I know that! Matherson cabled all about it. He and I have been keeping the wires hot. But haven't you got any things? You haven't been three weeks in that rig, have you?"

"Some of it. Some belongs to a Grand Bank man. He's at the Café de France. I've got a ditty-bag in his boat and—"

"Well, come on then. We've got no time to lose!"

They started down the street. Paul kept making all kinds of disjointed ejaculations, now and then giving Bob a whack. "You're there, all right!" he exclaimed. "Made good after all, didn't you? Didn't think you had it in you, Bob, and that's a fact. Stowed away, did you? And worked on a schooner, eh? Regular sailor stuff before the mast?"

"Cookee."

Paul laughed as they turned a corner. "Glad I didn't have to eat what you cooked!"

"Oh, I don't know!" Bob declared. "I'm up on duff and Irish stew, and if I had a cent for every potato I've peeled I shouldn't mind the fifty bucks that black-whiskered Frenchman got away from me."

"Black-whiskered Frenchman, eh?" asked Paul. "Did you see him? See the thief?"

"I sure did! A bad customer, all right."

"What did he look like? Where did he go?"

"He was headed for here last I knew."

"Big-jawed fellow, short, stout—"

Paul stopped short. "You don't mean that Renault fellow, do you?"

"Renault? Can't say. Never heard his name. Why?"

"Why? Because Renault fits that description to a dot. And I know he was at North Sydney. He worked a while at Glace Bay too. And—"

"Is he here now?" demanded Bob with rising excitement.

"Yes. Got back a couple of weeks ago. Worthless crook too! Supposed to be a smuggler and a rum-runner all down the coast. Suspected of a dozen things, but the *gendarmes* have never been able to get anything on him. See here, Bob—"

"Well, what?"

Paul gripped him by the shoulder. "Listen! If that's the crook that robbed you and you can prove it on him, you'll be ace-high here at St. Pierre! Can you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Identify this rowdy? If he's your man?"

"Lead me to him and I'll show you!" ejaculated Bob; the light of battle was gleaming in his eye. "Where is he?"

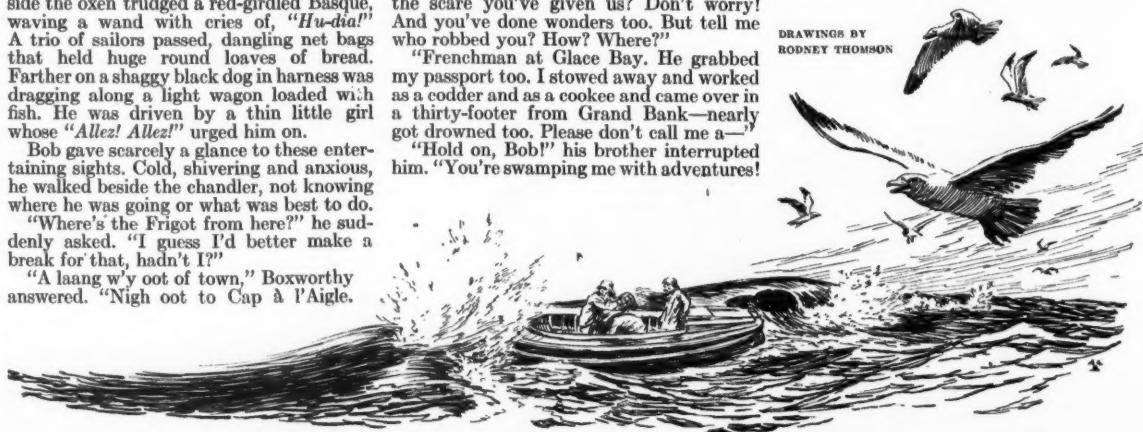
"He usually hangs out at Mère Michaud's. Got a room there. Let's go!"

"Got time enough?"

"I'll make time for this!" And turning sharply, Paul made a gesture and started up a steep and stony little street that ran toward the *mornes*, or barren hills, overlooking the town. "Come on!" he shouted.

Bob needed no second invitation. All his exhaustion was now forgotten; he kept close beside his brother. "Just show him

DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON



to me, that's all!" he exclaimed. "I'll do the rest."

"Better be careful, though," Paul warned him. "He's a bad egg. In a corner he might draw a knife or even try some gun play. We'd maybe do better to take a *gendarme* along."

"How long would it take to get one?"

"Might take an hour. We'd have to go to the *gendarmerie* and have all kinds of red tape. And then too—your passport. They'd inquire into that if they knew you were my brother and—"

"No *gendarmes*!" Bob decided. "We'll just handle this gentleman ourselves—without gloves! Come on!"

St. Pierre busybodies, by no means few, were treated to the spectacle of M. Paul Graham, engineer at the *frigorifique* plant, hastening at a smart clip up the rocky, unpaved Rue de la Paix that led to the Rue Achard, where Mère Michaud dwelt. The engineer was closely accompanied by a young, sailorlike chap in oilskins and sea boots.

Breathing hard and full of fight, Bob clattered along. In a few minutes they swung into the Rue Achard and came to an ancient, white-plastered house. There Paul stopped and pounded lustily on the door of heavy planking.

Shuffling steps sounded. Then a wrinkled old beldame with a dirty shawl over her gray head placed a squeaking key in the lock and gingerly opened the door a crack. "*Eh bien, messieurs*!"

Paul made no answer, but thrust himself into the passageway. Mère Michaud, Renault's housekeeper and his protectress in more than one crooked deal, deserved scant consideration.

"Come on!" Paul ordered his brother. Bob needed no urging.

Mère Michaud whistled shrilly. Already Paul was pushing on up a flight of dark stairs. Bob kept close at his heels. The engineer's shoulder burst open a door. Both Americans tumbled into a much-littered room where a single incandescent light with a green tin shade was swinging over a table. Bob caught an impression of unwashed dishes, two or three chairs, a lumpy sofa and a high bed with a dingy crimson eiderdown puff.

One of the chairs clattered over backward as a man sprang up. He had been lolling at the table—probably asleep there, to judge by his rumpled hair and his dazed, bleared eyes. A wine bottle and a sticky glass close at his hand perhaps explained the fellow's semistupor.

Bob needed no two glances at the man's heavy jowls and unkempt black beard.

"There he is!" cried the boy.

"That's the thief!"

"What is zis?" demanded the fellow, blinking with rage.

"What you mean, break in a zentleman's apartment an'—"

"That's a good one, Renault," interrupted Paul. "Gentleman's apartment" is first-rate!

He advanced, with Bob flanking him. "A crook, smuggler, rum-runner and sneak thief like you—!"

"*Mot, monsieur*?" exclaimed Renault with sudden craft. Confronted by two antagonists, he swiftly adopted injured innocence.

"What is zis you speak? I do not understand, me!"

"Oh, no, of course not!" gibed Paul. He flung a hand at Bob. "And I suppose you don't know him either?"

Renault shrugged his shoulders. "Zis young sailor?" he inquired, trying to smile.

"Ah, no, I regret I have not ze pleasure."

"Take a good look at him!" Paul commanded. "I'll refresh your memory. Does the mention of fifty dollars and a passport mean anything to you?"

"Or the lamp house at the Glace Bay mine?" Bob added. "Or a gray auto or a train from Glace Bay to North Sydney?"

"No, no, I do not comprehend. What is zis?" And Renault spread his palms deprecatingly.

"You don't remember seeing me on the Kyle, I suppose?" Bob flung at him, becoming more and more angry. "And you're not the man who skipped off that steamer at Port-aux-Basques? Oh, no! Never heard of anything like that at all!"

Renault's nerve held good. He was used to narrow escapes, and in his philosophy a miss was as good as any number of miles.

"I regret so much," he replied and smiled, "but all zis—it mean nozing to me. What you ask me for, monsieur?"

Though Renault had gone a little pale, he

was successfully bluffing. Through Paul's mind flashed a suspicion that perhaps Bob might after all be mistaken in the man who had robbed him. He turned questioningly to his brother.

Bob understood. He advanced on Renault with ready fists. "So you don't remember me, eh?" he cried. "You think because you somehow or other dodged me on that train and gave me the slip on the Kyle you're going to get away now! Well, you're not! I'd know you in a million. You're the man that robbed me!"

"And if you're not," Paul added, "you won't mind coming down to the *gendarmerie* with us and clearing yourself."

"No, wait!" said Bob in a white rage. "He owes me fifty dollars. He's got to pay me now!"

"Oh, it is ze money you talk?" said Renault, sneering. He appeared cool and resourceful. "Some blackmail, w'at you call it, eh? Fifty dollars? It is nozing. Wait!"

He turned and slid open the table drawer. But it wasn't money that he swept out of it. Something quite different appeared in his hand as with blazing eyes he whirled on the Americans. "Now, messieurs!" he commanded. "Vite! Leave my apartment! *Allez, allez! Or—*"

"No you don't!" Bob shouted and drove his fist home against the crook's arm.

The revolver that Renault had snatched from the table drawer spun through the air and clattered to the floor planks. Paul flung himself on the fellow and pinioned him. Renault, lithe and powerful, twisted himself free. He caught up a chair, brandished it and rushed. Bob hurled the table over. It tripped Renault. The crook's head gave a resounding whack against a sharp edge, and he collapsed in the midst of scattered dishes. The wine bottle gurgled out its life upon the floor.

Bob pounced on the fellow. Paul ripped a sheet from the bed and tore it into strips. In two minutes Renault's hands were lashed tight behind his back.

Paul turned a pitcher of water over the fellow's head, and presently he revived. Then Paul and Bob got him to his feet. Without unnecessary gentleness the two marched him downstairs, then through the huddled streets and so to the *gendarmerie*.

"Attempted assault with a deadly weapon" was quite enough ground for holding the crook, and that was all the brothers wanted for the present. The main thing was that at last Renault lay captive. Tomorrow would be another day for justice to be done.

I might write pages to record that, when Paul returned from Halifax, Renault came up for trial; that Bob proved a clear case against him and recovered his money; and that others, now that the fellow had really fallen into the toils of the law, came forward with still more serious charges. But all those matters must not now detain us. For after all they are but details. Dominating them stands the larger fact that Bob had fought a desperate fight, had been game to the finish and had won. It wasn't when Renault was lodged safe in jail that Bob felt happiest, nor yet when a substantial reward was paid him for having brought the lawbreaker to justice. No, the moment of his greatest joy came that first evening when Paul and he left the *gendarmerie* and walked out on to the Quai de la Roncière in the fog.

A blur of light from a street light was looming through the mist. Its feeble rays showed Bob his brother's face, smiling, exultant and proud. Paul was a fellow of few words, by no means emotional or given to praise. Yet now he had to express his thoughts.

"Well, old chap," said he, "I guess I've missed that Halifax boat all right. I'll have to wait a few days, and it'll make some complications. But this is worth it!"

"I'm sorry I've upset any of your business," answered Bob. "I know it's all my fault for having been such a—"

"No, no, nothing like that!" Paul interrupted him. "It's worth it to find out what kind of stuff you're made of. I'm afraid I've knocked you a little in the past, but if you'll forgive me—"

"Drop it, please!"

"I—you—that is, old fellow,"—Paul hesitated,—"you've put it over strong! Father and mother—say, won't they be proud? And as for me—"

"Oh, forget it!" interrupted Bob. "What

I want now is to peel off these oilskins and wet clothes and get into something dry. And then shove my feet under a table with about forty-seven kinds of eats!"

"Yes, yes, that's all right," Paul agreed. "That's all on the docket. But first—oh, hang it all!" And Paul whacked Bob on the shoulder as if the eloquence of a blow could explain what his tongue halted over. "First I've got to tell you I'm glad it all happened the way it did. It's made a man of you!"

BOBBY CHUCK

By Pearl E. H. Miller



THE exact date of Bobby's birth is uncertain; but his untimely death occurred the spring following his eighth Candlemas Day. At that time he was evidently in the prime of woodchuck life—a handsome creature that passing tourists sometimes insisted was not a ground hog but a bear cub. Sitting erect, clutching a doughnut in his handlike forepaws, he did resemble a small black bear cub, for his fur was mostly black, a glossy black that glistened in the sun; but there was a spot of gray above each eye, a ring of gray round his nose and a faint line of gray down each of his sides. The under part of his body was almost bare; the thin hair there was reddish brown, which is the usual color of woodchucks. But the tourists generally forgot Bobby's gray spots and his bare stomach and were positive that he was a bear as soon as they discovered that he had no tail. For the trap that had deprived him of his mother and three brothers—or perhaps they were sisters—deprived him of that useful member also, and sadly inconvenient he found the lack of it.

A woodchuck must be ever alert, and as he travels with body close to the ground he frequently rises erect for a better view of his surroundings. At such times his short, flat tail, extended on the ground straight behind him, is an indispensable aid in keeping his balance; lacking that aid, poor Bobby was forever tumbling over backward. He always regarded the mishap as owing to the machinations of the enemy and with a sharp *quilt* of alarm would be up and away in a flash—a blur of black that vanished under the barn.

Bobby's color darkened gradually. When caught he was not black, but a little ball of brown-gray fur. Blundering round in baby fashion, hungrily searching for the mother who was never to return, he must have backed into the trap; for the quick steel jaws snapped tight on his poor little tail. He may have been ten hours or longer in the trap, and he must have been without food from the time his mother was caught three days before. His tail was so nearly severed that it came off as the trap was opened; a slight pull would have set him free, but he had given up the struggle and was curled up, cold and still with his eyes closed and to the little girl who adopted him apparently dead. Really, though, he was only in a condition that was to become familiar to her—the state in which hibernating animals pass their long winter fast.

Hot milk forced down his throat soon revived him, and in a few days he became a lively little fellow, not afraid of anyone and accustomed to taking his milk from a teaspoon. Some one always had to guide the spoon for him, however, though he would clutch at the handle, as if doing



He disappeared about the last of September

his best to feed himself, smacking loudly and sometimes almost strangling in his greedy haste. Often when the cup was empty he would fly into a temper, throwing his spoon to the floor like a spoiled child and whining like a puppy until more milk was brought him.

Soon he learned to eat clover, tender bean leaves, all kinds of fruit and anything sweet. He preferred candy perhaps, but

I'm glad Bob Graham could buck a game like this and win. I'm proud to be the brother of a chap like you!"

And in that moment Bob knew that he was repaid for all his hardship and struggle. He felt the supreme happiness of having conquered perils, of having tested his own mettle, of having fought a good fight and won! He understood at last the meaning and the joy of victory.

THE END.

doughnuts, cookies or bread and maple syrup were almost as acceptable. He always sat up like a squirrel to eat anything that he could hold with his forepaws, turning the food round and round as he ate, so that a doughnut or a cookie kept its shape until consumed.

The hens were the trial of his existence. Unless some one stood near to drive them away they would gather round him as he ate, pecking at his bread until, losing all patience, he would turn upon them with a snarl, dropping the food, which of course they snatched as they fled. He never pursued them far, but soon returned to smell over the place where he had dropped his dainty. Even when snarling with anger after being robbed of his food he would retreat before an irate sitting hen, and he was always terrified by any sharp, unfamiliar sound. Apparently he feared nothing else. The road was near, and dogs passed frequently; yet he paid no attention to them, and they never seemed to notice him.

When his mistress was at home Bobby followed her round indoors and out, plainly accepting her as his foster mother; when she was at school he had for a time to be



Turning the food round and round as he ate

content to remain in his barrel in the barn; but he soon learned to climb out, and after that he came and went as he pleased. At once the weeds about the farm buildings began to disappear. Plantain, ragweed, sugarweed, all the weeds that flourish in a farmyard he kept down; the amount of green food that he consumed was enormous.

Strange as it may seem to those whose bean fields have been depredated by woodchucks, he never once troubled the garden, though it was near the house, and when he was small his mistress had often taken him there and held him up to eat the tender leaves round the pole beans. Ragweed was his favorite green food, though a little patch of clover was always left unknown for him in a near-by field; there he would go every morning at day-break to feed. He was never seen farther from the barn and except when hibernating always came promptly at the call of "Come, Bob! Come, Bobby!"

His first summer he made no attempt to dig a hole, but in October began gathering fine dry straw, which he laboriously carried to his barrel, a mouthful at a time. When the barrel was half full he refused to eat, and next morning found him cold and still, exactly as he had been when taken from the trap. Curled up with his paws together and his nose between them, he was a perfect ball of fur that when uncured curled up again, but showed no other indication of life. His eyes were closed; he did not breathe, and circulation had apparently ceased.

"Now we shall see whether woodchucks really awake to look for their shadow on the second of February!" everyone said.

But Bobby did not wait until Candlemas Day before coming out to see whether winter was over; a few days before Christmas the soft, cooing whistle that, slightly varied, was his love song and also his way of coaxing for food announced that he was at the door. He did not seem so hungry as might have been expected, but nevertheless accepted doughnuts and an apple with evident eagerness. All day he lingered

round the door, but next morning was back in his barrel again, where he remained as cold and motionless as before until March.

When he again appeared the ground was still covered with snow, but Bobby decided that spring had come and kept to his decision, though some of the coldest weather of the winter was to follow. Observations in subsequent years proved that both the beginning and the duration of hibernation were governed by the amount of fat stored up in his body. One summer when sweets had been plentiful he retired to his hole in August, to be seen no more until after Christmas; but as a rule he disappeared about the last of September and did not come out again to remain until the middle of March, when the days were long and sunny, even though, as is often the case at that season in northern New England, the snow was still deep. During the last half of every winter he generally awakened several times and came to the door for food; usually he did so before a period of extremely cold weather, so that the cry of "The woodchuck is out!" became a signal for immediate preparation for a blizzard.

In his second summer he began to regard

his barrel with disfavor and dug numerous retreats, which, however, were at first more like a child's attempts at cave making than the skillful tunnelling of a ground



hog. Toward the end of summer his work improved; but the hole that he finally selected in which to hibernate had only one entrance, and that at a point always covered by water in spring. No wild woodchuck would have considered such a place for his winter quarters; woodchuck holes are generally to be found on sunny, well-drained slopes and always have two or more entrances. If Bobby were not to drown, he must be dug out!

An afternoon's work uncovered a long, winding passage always about two feet below the surface of the ground. At the

end of the tunnel was a circular chamber the size of a bushel basket, and there in a nest of fine dried grass was Bobby in his trancelike winter sleep.

As the ground was deeply covered with snow when he awakened in his barrel, if he did not consider that as a satisfactory home he was obliged to make the best of it until spring. But the next year he dug his hole under the barn—a retreat that no one could reach.

Even so his home was more than once wrathfully threatened, for many new pairs of gloves, laid down but for a moment, disappeared, and if rubbers were removed at the farmhouse door you were likely to come out just in time to see Bobby dragging them away—whether for use as nest lining or merely for the joy of possession we never learned.

Bobby's never-amiable disposition did not improve with age. Before he was six years old he had learned how quickly his sharp teeth could put bare feet to rout, and after that no barefoot child, including his mistress, dared enter the barn. He spent much of every day lying with paws outstretched as flat as a miniature bearskin rug, watching all who came or went from

the farmhouse. By the time he was eight years old he had the strength and the grip of a bulldog, and no dog could have been a more effective guardian against intruders. When he decided that no strangers should approach the front door visitors respectfully went round to the rear; but when he dug a tunnel under a corner of the house, enabling him to watch the back door also, even his mistress sorrowfully agreed that he had become a tyrant and deserved execution.

A woodchuck has many more lives than a cat. For three days Bobby had starved, part of the time held fast in a trap; once water up to the barn floor must have flooded his hole, driving him out while hibernating; and one very cold winter his feet had been badly frostbitten. All those misfortunes he had survived with no lasting ill effect; yet a light blow on the tip of the nose ended his career without a struggle or a sound. His skin would have made a beautiful muff, but his mistress was too fond of him to desire such a memento, even though she will bear through life another, most unattractive reminder of him: the deep scar of his teeth on her hand.

PARTNERS OF THE AIR

By James Sharp Eldredge

ONE hundred miles to San Antonio: one hour's travel for the big aeroplane he was piloting. Lieut. Dave Shaw nodded in a satisfied manner while his gaze lifted from the map case and involuntarily ran over the instrument board in front, checking the behavior of the motor that was drawing the plane like an immense projectile through the air.

Shaw looked back at his mechanic, who with a confidence in his pilot that was superb was stretched out in the rear cockpit, sound asleep, for the flight from El Paso had been long and tiresome. The pilot's gaze traveled back past the tail to the aeroplane that was trailing him. The second machine rode to the side, slightly above and perhaps fifty feet behind him, seeming to hang stationary in the leaden sky, yet keeping its effortless, hundred-mile gait. As Shaw watched, the rear plane suddenly dropped two hundred feet. His own machine jerked, and he involuntarily corrected for the air current.

When he next looked back the other plane was far above him. The sudden shifts of position occurred frequently, for the planes were flying at an altitude of two thousand feet just beneath some frowning storm clouds, and the air was choppy. On either side and to the rear the black clouds seemed to stretch immense fingers down to the Texas landscape that spread, barren, mesquite-covered and desolate, in all directions. Those fingers, some of them several miles in depth, were showery that were soaking the regions they covered. One suddenly appeared a short distance in front of the speeding aeroplane.

Shaw raised his arm vertically above his head. The pilot of the following plane acknowledged the signal in a similar manner and accompanied it with a friendly grin that at the distance was little more to Shaw than a gleam of even teeth. Shaw banked his machine, and the other followed obediently. The planes began to circle the edges of the shower. There were a few volleys of stinging raindrops, the heavy, wet smell of water-charged air, and then they were clear.

After checking his progress by the map again Shaw looked at the clock on the instrument board. It was late afternoon, and already

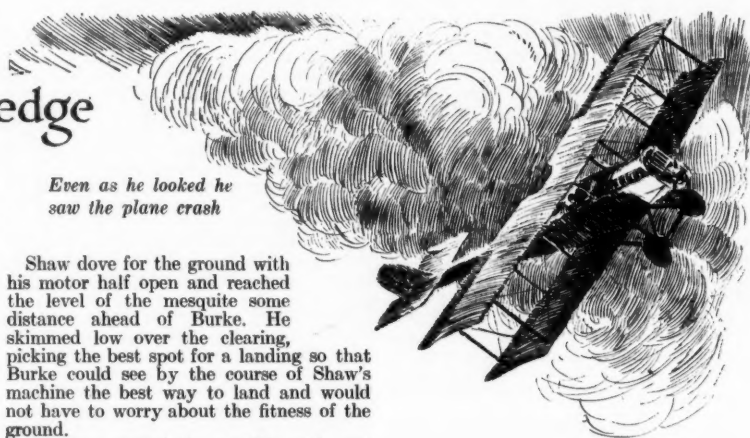
the illuminated figures and hands of the instrument were beginning to gleam. Dusk was near—the early dusk of autumn; in the half gloom of the storm its approach had been unheralded. Shaw opened the throttle a bit more. It would not do to let darkness find the two planes still in the air. That was bad business. The leading machine drew ahead, but kept its increased lead only for an instant, for the pilot of the following plane had noticed the manoeuvre and increased his speed.

In a way the actions of the two aeroplanes in teaming so well together were characteristic of the spirit that existed between their pilots. Wherever they were mentioned in the Air Service, Lieutenant Shaw and Lieutenant Burke, the pilot of the second machine, were linked together. Young in years, both of them, but old in the ways of the air, they had met over the German lines. With a crippled plane Shaw was gamely trying to beat off two Fokkers. He was virtually helpless, but was fighting to make his end as inconvenient as possible for his antagonists when like a bolt a Spad from another American squadron had dropped from a higher altitude and with a hail of machine-gun bullets neatly put one Fokker out of the running. There had been a flash of wings in the sun, a swift turn, and the missiles from the newcomer's guns had caught the second Fokker squarely in spite of its brilliant *reversement*. Shaw had then limped back over the lines escorted by Burke's Spad.

That was their introduction. It had occurred four years before, and since then Shaw and Burke had been inseparable. It was the most natural thing in the world for the two to be chosen for the mission they were now performing: ferrying in to the repair depot at San Antonio two planes that had seen hard service in the manoeuvres along the border. They had left El Paso seven hours before and the next day were to return, flying two new planes for the use of the squadron there, of which they were members.

Shaw looked back again and noticed that Burke's plane was some distance below and farther behind than usual. Then his body stiffened. The propeller of Burke's plane, which had been an almost invisible blur, was now revolving so slowly as to be easily discernible. Then the nose of the plane dropped, and it banked quickly and headed for a clearing in the mesquite a short distance to the rear—the only spot in several miles where an aeroplane could safely land.

Shaw knew as he banked his machine and followed that Burke's motor had failed, forcing a landing, for Burke had plenty of gasoline. Motor trouble was to be expected perhaps, for the planes had had hard usage through the summer.



Even as he looked he saw the plane crash

Shaw dove for the ground with his motor half open and reached the level of the mesquite some distance ahead of Burke. He skimmed low over the clearing, picking the best spot for a landing so that Burke could see by the course of Shaw's machine the best way to land and would not have to worry about the fitness of the ground.

As Shaw opened the throttle wide and made a swift upward turn at the end of the clearing he feared that Burke would be unable to glide to the landing place because of insufficient altitude. His premonition was correct. Even as he looked he saw the plane crash into the low mesquite trees some distance behind the cleared space. He could not hear the sound of impact because of the roar of his own motor, but he could imagine it.

The wings of Shaw's machine swept to the vertical, and centrifugal force glued him to his seat as he banked and turned into the cleared space again. He snapped the throttle back. The landing was easy. The big tires of the machine did not mire in the storm-beaten ground. The mechanic, who had awakened when Shaw first banked the plane and who had witnessed the wreck, leaped to the ground before the pilot and had the tool kit out, extracting a pair of cutting pliers. Leaving the motor running, the two sprinted down the clearing.

They found Burke's plane, a twisted, crumpled mass, in a clump of mesquite. The fuselage with the heavy motor had broken through the branches and lay on its side on the ground. Burke's mechanic, whose face was bleeding from numerous cuts, was gamely tearing at the debris in an effort to clear the pilot, who lay quiet in the cockpit, half buried under a mass of wreckage.

"I was thrown clear when we hit," explained the mechanic hurriedly. "I'm just scratched and bumped. I'm afraid he's got it bad. Cut those wires so we can get at him!"

The three men worked in silence. They cut the tangled bracing wires that kept Burke a prisoner and lifted the wreckage carefully away. Soon they were able to move the pilot, who was unconscious. A hasty examination assured Shaw that his friend was alive and had sustained no broken bones, but he was badly cut about the upper part of his head and face.

With material from the first-aid packet that every army aeroplane carries Shaw bandaged Burke as well as he could. Meanwhile his mechanic helped Burke's man to

bandage his face. Then the three tried to bring Burke back to consciousness. When he finally opened his eyes and looked dazedly round, the storm-covered world was in semi-darkness. Burke's return to consciousness was short; he mumbled something incoherently and then wearily closed his eyes again.

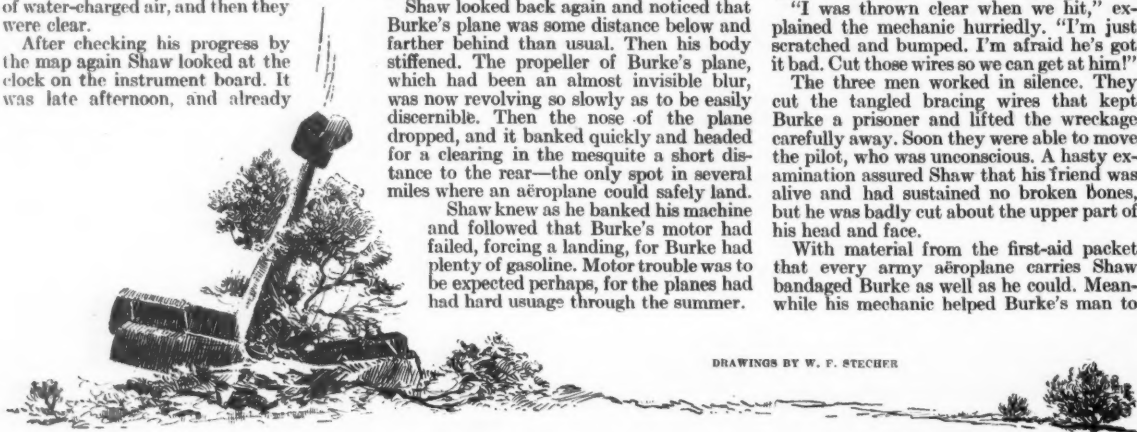
Shaw turned to the mechanics. "I guess you fellows know what's to be done as well as I do," he said. "We'll have to get Lieutenant Burke to a hospital. He is hurt worse than we suppose. We are a long way from a house here and farther from a doctor. I can make San Antonio all right, so we had better lift him into the rear seat of my plane so that I can take him to the hospital at the field. There's some sort of house a few miles back that you fellows can reach, and I'll try to start a car back for you tonight or in the morning early. I hate to leave you, but—"

"Never mind about that, sir," Burke's mechanic cut in suddenly. "How had we best carry him to the plane?"

Although a great deal had happened, the amount of time that had elapsed between the moment that Shaw had landed in the clearing and his take-off with Burke in the rear cockpit was short. The storm had closed down rapidly in the interval, however, and occasional flashes of lightning cut the gloom. Shaw's jaw tightened as he headed for San Antonio. He could not dodge the storm; he should have to fly through the heart of it.

Before long the aeroplane was in the semi-blackness of the clouds. The rain drops, beaten into a fine spray by the propeller and hurled back with tremendous speed in the air blast, struck Shaw's face with stinging force. It was like braving a bombardment of needles. He dared not duck down in the shelter of the cockpit to avoid them; he had to keep a constant watch and exercise all his skill to keep his course. Burke's head and eyes were protected with the helmet and goggles of one of the mechanics.

The air was bumpy, rougher than a churned-up sea. The big aeroplane whipped round like a cork. Sometimes it would suddenly jerk from the level to a vertical bank. Again it would seem to strike a vacuum and drop with a suddenness that would cause Shaw temporarily to leave his seat. Or it would be as if some gigantic hand had clutched the plane and flung it upward or



DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER

from side to side. The controls, usually so sensitive, required all his strength to move; they were like the reins of a runaway horse. But Shaw grimly kept on, on. He was soaked to the skin, but his exertions made him uncomfortably warm.

And through it all was the lightning that cut the storm like swords. The crash of thunder close at hand drowned the full-throated roar of the motor and struck painfully on Shaw's eardrums. Twilight changed to night, and the thick darkness gathered. Shaw was flying into a stinging black pit that was now and again dazzlingly illuminated by the lightning, which only accentuated the wet blackness that followed.

He was flying at five hundred feet now, trusting to his compass in the periods that the plane settled from the whirling occasioned by each flash of lightning. The plane shot into a rift of the storm—a zone of comparative quiet in which the ground was visible. Shaw made out a cluster of lights shining dully below. From their formation he concluded correctly that it was Hoytsville, and that he was within twenty miles of San Antonio and—he sighed with relief—exactly on his course. His flying sense was serving him well.

Then Shaw became conscious of something else. It was just the slightest quiver of the plane that informed him, and he turned his head in time to see Burke moving restlessly in the rear cockpit. The rush of cool air and the stinging raindrops had revived the injured officer. Shaw twisted and leaned as far back as he could. Because the two cockpits were so close together he could bring his face within a few inches of Burke's. Just then the lightning flashed, and Shaw saw that his passenger's lips were moving, and that Burke had not recognized him. The lightning flashed again, and Shaw saw Burke's eyes. They were staring unseeing—the eyes of a delirious man. That was a result of the wreck and exposure that Shaw had not foreseen.

Thankful that his destination was now less than twenty miles away, Shaw bent to the business of flying and of making the best speed possible. A moment later the plane moved off the course slightly, and Shaw's toe involuntarily gave the rudder a gentle pressure to correct the error. Instead of moving the rudder bar held firm against his foot. Shaw tried to move the control stick—and could not.

What a broken steering gear is to an automobile driver on a mountain road jammed controls are to an aviator. A moment before Shaw had been warm from his exertions. Now he was cold with the realization of his danger and his anxiety over Burke. Shaw's mind seemed to spin as he sought the reason for the behavior of his plane. Against his resistance the machine swung from the course, not as an uncontrolled aeroplane will, however, but steadily and surely, as if it were guided. That gave Shaw the solution. Leaving the controls, he unsnapped the safety belt and whirled in his seat.

It was as he expected. Burke in his delirium had found the extra control stick, which was stowed away in clips on the side of the cockpit for the use of the observer in emergencies. He had fitted it into place and was now flying the plane by means of the controls in the rear seat. Possibly he did not realize what he was doing.

Shaw faced to the front and attempted to wrest the controls from Burke. It was impossible. Then he closed the throttle, intending to shout to Burke to release the controls, but by means of the throttle lever in the rear cockpit Burke speeded up the motor again and continued to turn. Shaw whirled in his seat again and tried to shake Burke's shoulder, but his hand was rudely struck off. The other seemed to have the strength of three men.

A flash of lightning revealed Burke's drawn face; his lips were still moving. Below the bandages, which came to his goggles, his eyes were gleaming, and in them showed no trace of recognition of Shaw, his most intimate friend. Burke's whole being was concentrated on flying the aeroplane—where Shaw did not know, and he doubted whether Burke himself knew.

When the injured man started to turn the machine San Antonio had been less than ten miles ahead—little more than five minutes of flying. Burke's condition told Shaw that he must have medical attention at once; that was certain. There was no opportunity to coax or plead with him. Struggling with him in the plane was impossible, and it was impossible to continue flying aimlessly in a storm at night with a half-crazed man at the

controls. Shaw gritted his teeth and took the only course open to him. He hated it worse than anything in the world.

Facing Burke he waited for a flash of lightning. When it came it revealed Burke's face turned away; he was leaning over the side of the cockpit. At that instant Shaw, who was kneeling in the seat and facing back, struck. He had picked his spot carefully; his fist took Burke on the chin, the uninjured part of his face, and slightly to one side. He collapsed limply.

The impact of his fist on Burke's chin went through Shaw as if he had struck himself. He flew the remaining distance to the field in agony. He never knew just when he picked up the glow of lights that was San Antonio or how he found the long line of lights in front of the hangars at the big field. He landed as in a dream and "taxied" up as near the hospital as he could. He was lifting Burke out when help arrived.

It was noon of the next day when the surgeon nodded to Shaw, who rose wearily but eagerly from a chair near the door of a private room of the post hospital. That marked the finish of a long vigil for Shaw. He had been there since Burke was brought in the night before.

"He's out of it at last," the surgeon, who knew Shaw's story, said to the aviator. "You can go in and see him now. He wants you. And by the way don't let that jolt on the jaw you gave him worry you. It was a mean thing to do and all that, but it doesn't count when you accomplished the main thing; you saved his life. Go right on in."

Shaw mustered a grin somehow as he stood at the bedside and looked down at what he could see of Burke's face. It was white and haggard, but Burke's eyes were steady and held the old, friendly gleam again.

"Well, old-timer," Shaw greeted him.

Burke's eyes clouded. "Say," he spoke without preamble, "they tell me I've been raving ever since you brought me in—and fighting everybody in the hospital. Seems to me I was flying—having lots of trouble—and it was too real to be a dream."

He passed a hand over his eyes. "It was too real," he repeated. "I can remember parts of it. Shaw, did I pull anything dumb when I was in your plane? I've been worrying," he finished anxiously. "That's the worst crime a man can commit, you know, to fool with another fellow's plane, even if he is out of his head from a jolt. Did I interfere, Dave?"

Shaw nodded and smiled as he replied: "You did about everything. Between the storm and you flying the plane to Mexico City I had my hands full. Finally I soaked you on the jaw to win the argument."

"No?" said Burke incredulously. "Fact. But, like the fond parent, it hurt me more than it did you, my son."

"H'mm," Burke smiled ruefully. "Between you and the ether they gave me awhile ago I've tried about everything there is in the way of anaesthetics. But say, next time I spread myself over the mesquite"—Burke gently rubbed his jaw and paused—"have some ether handy. I think I like that better."

"OK," said Shaw, laughing. "And now I'm going to get some sleep."

"Dave," Burke called as Shaw left the room, "bring a cribbage board when you get that sleeping 'tended to. I've got to even matters up some way."

"OK, old-timer," Shaw answered and broke the rules of the hospital by whistling merrily as he went down the corridor.

A NEW ENGLISH GAME

GAMES at the expense of the harmless outsider, says the Living Age, have been oddly popular in England for the past year or two. At first it was "beaver," in which the players scored on the beards of the people they passed. Later it became "tortoise," and unfortunate pedestrians who wore tortoiseshell spectacles were the victims.

Now the game has taken a different form. You play it on the top of a London bus. The players go in pairs and by conversing loud enough to be heard—which is scarcely an English habit—endeavor to lure their fellow travelers into correcting the blunders that they purposely make. For example, as the bus hums past Hyde Park Corner one player turns and remarks to his partner, who sits far enough off to justify a distinctly audible tone, "Look, that is the Marble Arch, and here is Kensington Gardens." And as the bus passes Burlington House he exclaims, "Here we are at the War Office!"

If any good Samaritan is tricked into correcting the erroneous information, the first player scores. If, however, the corrector himself makes a mistake, his tormentor wins the whole game.



Are you the kind of girl your classmates admire?

By Carrie Blanchard

Carrie Blanchard, hostess-extraordinary at the Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich., where she receives 25,000 callers a year, has talked to hundreds of girls about themselves. Her kindly advice has helped many.

Look about you and see the girls who are leaders in their schools—who command the respect and admiration of everyone! Who are the girls the really worthwhile boys take to? The fine, wholesome ones, of course. And haven't you noticed the wholesome, vigorous girl is always the one who is radiant with health? That's natural, too. It's really too bad that some girls are careless in this respect, because it means more to them than they think. They don't get the air and exercise they should have. They stay up too late at night. They eat unwisely. And, perhaps worst of all, they unknowingly take into their systems a drug that upsets digestion, robs energy from the body, causes headaches and sleeplessness, and tends to lower their vitality. This harmful drug is caffeine, found in coffee and tea.

I know you like a hot drink at mealtime, but why take harmful coffee, when you can get a delicious, healthful drink like Postum? Postum is roasted wheat and

bran, with a little sweetening. Girls in over 2,000,000 American families drink it regularly, not only because it's good for them, but because they prefer its taste above all others.

Instant Postum, made with milk, is especially good. You taste nothing but the appetizing Postum flavor, and at the same time get all the health-building qualities of the milk. It can be made right in the cup, simply by pouring hot (not boiling) milk over the Postum. And your mother will be interested to know that it costs much less per cup.

I'd like to have you try Postum for thirty days, so you can see what a wonderfully fine drink it is. Your grocer will supply you, or I'll send you your first week's supply, free. But I want you to continue till the thirty days are up, to test it fully. In that time you'll be able to see the change it effects in you.

I know you want to stay healthy, wholesome—to get along well with your friends. And I know that one of the easiest steps toward full, vigorous health is the cultivation of healthful habits, instead of harmful ones. Send the coupon in now, and see for yourself.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Y. C. 2-25
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check
POSTUM CEREAL ☐ which you prefer

Name
Street
City State

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd.
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.



Frank B. Kellogg
Who is to be nominated as Secretary of State

FACT AND COMMENT

SMALL AND UNIMPORTANT though you may think yourself, if others seek you in their misfortune, be content.

All Science bravely blunders toward the Light.
We make Mistakes to find out what is Right.

TOO MUCH PREOCCUPATION with yourself is bad for you. Do not give all your time to introspection or spend too much of it in looking into the mirror.

A **NECKLACE** thought to be seventy-five thousand years old and once the adornment of a cave woman of southern France is now at the Art Institute of Chicago. The beads are of ivory, deer antler and polished stone, and some of them bear tiny, crude carvings. A French archaeologist found the necklace in a cave, and the museum obtained it from him.

THE **WELSH MOUNTAIN** of Troedyrhifwuch, near Cardiff, says a dispatch, has begun to move. Water mains and other public works are imperiled, and one important thoroughfare is so badly cracked that it has had to be closed. The people in the vicinity are much puzzled at the phenomenon, but surely a mountain with so rough a name can't move fast and probably will not move far.

JAPANESE TYPEWRITERS, the first to reach this part of the world, says a dispatch from Seattle, Washington, now in use by Japanese wholesale and commission houses in the Northwest. The machines, which print from the bottom of the page up, have only one key, but it makes 7,026 characters. With brief training an operator can write sixty "words" a minute, which is almost twice as fast as a person can make the same characters by hand.

THE **"TEXAS HONEY BALL"** is the name of a new melon that the Lone Star State is growing. It is said to be a cross between the Texas cannon-ball cantaloupe and the California honey-dew melon. It is round and usually about five inches in diameter. The meat is similar to that of the honey-dew melon and is an inch and a half thick; the rind is smooth and thin and fairly well netted. The chief merits of the new melon are its flavor and its ability to bear shipment.

IN **GREAT BRITAIN** they are preparing to build two airships, each twice as large as our Shenandoah or Los Angeles, for service between England and India. Each will have a capacity of about five million cubic feet and will be 720 feet long and 140 feet high. Seven oil-burning engines, each of six hundred horsepower, will furnish the motive force. The maximum speed will be seventy miles an hour, and there will be accommodations for one hundred passengers. The government will build one, and a private company the other. Unless the present plans miscarry, the service will begin in 1927.

MANY CITIZENS of San Marino, one of the smallest republics in the world, are unable to read or to write. The Secretary of the republic, talking with an American visitor, explained how they got round the difficulty on election day. "The vote is by ballot," he said, "and on the day of election there are present a number of little girls dressed in white. If a voter cannot read or write he selects a little girl who can, and she prepares

his ballot for him. A little girl, *signore*, is the purest thing on earth, and she is sure to practice no deceit on the man who trusts her."

THE ARRANGEMENTS OF PARIS

THE conference of the finance ministers of the Allies in Paris was a harmonious and conciliatory gathering, in which our own representatives, no longer merely "observers," took a generally helpful part.

The most important issue of the conference is that which affects the relations of the United States to the other nations that are receiving reparations payments from Germany. In that, not only we ourselves but all the nations of the western world are interested. Hitherto, although we asserted our right to be reimbursed for the expense of keeping our troops five years on the Rhine and for the damage that Germany did to our shipping before we entered the war, we have stood out stoutly against recognizing the Treaty of Versailles—which our Senate refused to ratify—or the Dawes agreement, which was based on the provisions of that treaty. But obviously, if we are to get any money at all, it must come out of the Dawes-plan pool, and we cannot share in that pool unless we recognize the agreement officially and to that extent become a party to it.

Recognize the agreement is what our representatives in Paris, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Kellogg and Colonel Logan, did. They induced the Allies to allot to the United States some \$14,000,000 a year for the expenses of our army of occupation and 2¼ per cent of the Dawes-plan annuities toward our claims for reparation. The total that we are to receive for reparation claims is said to be \$350,000,000, which is by no means so much as we might have claimed, or indeed as our government did claim before the conference met. After the conference was over our representatives set their signatures to the entire agreement. The European newspapers openly, and the European statesmen more circumspectly, rejoice, because, they say, it means that the United States is again taking an official share in the task of restoring Europe economically, and because it makes this country jointly interested in the carrying out of the Dawes plan and jointly responsible for handling the situation that would result should Germany default.

Precisely what our legal obligations in such a case would be we do not feel sure. The matter has already been discussed in the United States Senate. There are a good many Senators who are unshakably averse to any course that will make us even indirectly a party to the Versailles treaty, or to any compact among the European nations. Secretary Hughes says that the agreement does not oblige us to take any action whatever in concert with the other powers. In that respect he seems to disagree with most European opinion, official and other. He is none the less likely to be right on that account, but we can imagine unfortunate results if our government has one view of our responsibilities in certain emergencies, and Great Britain and France have other views. To us it appears morally certain that in case of a German default, whether voluntary or involuntary, we should have to act in concert with the other creditors of Germany or else write off our claims as uncollectible. But so long as the Germans pay, the question will not arise; and our State Department seems to be quite certain that they will pay.

MUSCLE SHOALS AGAIN

THE Senate has voted down the Norris bill for government operation of the great power project at Muscle Shoals and passed the Underwood bill, which authorizes the President to lease the plant to private citizens. The passage of the bill was, however, marked by the sort of behavior that inspires a doubt whether the Senators as a body knew their own minds on the subject. At least two other proposals had for a time the support of a majority, and, though the Underwood bill was finally accepted, that disposition of it seems to be regarded rather as a means of getting the whole affair off the floor of the Senate and into the hands of a conference committee of both houses. From that committee a new measure will eventually emerge. What it will be no one can accurately predict.

It appears to be the fact, however, that government operation of great business undertakings is not so popular as it was. The pendulum swung for a good many years toward government management if not toward government ownership. It is now swinging back, and the way the government ran the railways in war time was, we believe, what reversed its motion. We do not think the change in public opinion is unfortunate; but if the largest opportunities are going to be offered to private enterprise, private enterprise must be circumspectly fair and honest. If it is not, nothing can prevent the pendulum from reversing itself once more. It can move as easily in one direction as in the other.

Those who are watching the Muscle Shoals affair with interest should remember that it is the enormous water power that is the really significant thing about the project. Any person or any concern that can get the lease will promise to make a certain quantity of chemical fertilizer, though it is doubtful whether it can be manufactured there so as to sell much if any cheaper than it sells now. But there will be a great deal of valuable water power there. Muscle Shoals will probably be the central and controlling element in the great development of industrial power that everyone foresees for the South. If that power is leased to private citizens, it should be leased on terms and under safeguards that will make it of the greatest and most economical use to the community. We believe that the President can be trusted to see that it is so leased, if in the end Congress puts the responsibility on him. But we do not expect any action until the regular session of the new Congress next December. No great harm will be done by delay. The project is still under construction and will be for two or three years to come.

THE RESTLESS SPIRIT

RESTLESSNESS is a quality of healthy youth; a young man who is sedate and settled and contented is old before his time. As he approaches middle life he is likely to become morose and dissatisfied, for contentment that has not been earned by arduous effort seldom lasts. The time comes when even the laziest man realizes that the greatest enjoyment of life is not to be found in mere ease of living, and that by accepting the easy course he has denied himself the opportunity ever to know the greatest enjoyment.

It is true that the restless youth also may never have the opportunity to know it. He may be as averse to sustained effort and patient toil as the settled young man is to change. The restlessness that inspires the search for the easy job or the easy life is no better than the indolence that accepts contentedly the easy job or the easy life. Restlessness, if it is to be a useful trait, must be accompanied by enterprise. Restlessness and enterprise together mean character, mean intelligence, though they do not always mean success. But when failure follows it is usually because the man's venturesome spirit has urged him to take unwarranted risks. So the restless and enterprising young man needs to acquire a third quality—self-discipline. He must have the strength to resist sometimes the promptings of his own spirit of restlessness and adventure.

Ease and comfort of transportation have provided in recent years greater allurements to the restless spirit than were ever known before. The motor car has made Americans a restless people. But restlessness that is fomented by the increase in facilities for speedy and comfortable transportation from place to place is of an unproductive sort and has nothing in common with the impatient, eager spirit of the young man who wishes to experiment, to test his powers and to gain knowledge and experience by undertaking new tasks and bearing new responsibilities.

EASE AT MEALS

THOUGH everyone knows that the benefit derived from a meal eaten in hurry and worry is much less than the benefit derived from a similar meal if eaten slowly and with composure in pleasant surroundings, few persons really understand how important it is to eat at ease. Except at Thanksgiving and Christmas we seldom linger at the table in our own homes, and in most of the public restaurants and lunch rooms the whole atmosphere suggests "gulp and get."

But if we stop to consider the matter, it will at once occur to us that one of the reasons why we can digest the big dinners of Thanksgiving and Christmas is that we eat them slowly. There may be times when we really must eat in a hurry, but it is only habit that makes it hard for us to eat at ease even when we have the chance.

That may be owing in part to the way we serve meals. Take as an example the American church supper. The cooking is usually of the best "home" kind, for it is the work of volunteer members of the church who try to outdo one another, and both the time and the surroundings seem conducive to sociability. There is no train to catch, no factory whistle to listen for, no school bell to heed, no appointments to meet; yet as a rule the baked beans, the homemade pickles, the sliced ham, the celery, the cold slaw, the jams, the jellies, the potato salad, the brown bread, the "raised" biscuit, the butter, the cheese, the cold water, the hot cocoa, the pies, the cakes, the tea and the coffee are all put on the table at once; then everyone makes a rush for them and eats as if he were a traveler at a railway restaurant with only twenty minutes for lunch.

Confronted with a supply of food like that, a French supper committee would first of all sit down and "compose" a menu, divided into courses. They would do it with as much gravity and care for balance as if they were writing a sonnet.

First of all they would serve the pickles, the celery and the *petits pains*, or little breads, with butter; they would call them *hors-d'œuvres*, which literally means the out-works, the approaches to the main fortifications. When the *hors-d'œuvres* had been properly sampled and the appetite thereby whetted, they would serve the beans steaming hot from the earthenware crocks and call them an *entrée*. With the beans they would supply more *petits pains*, this time with no butter. Next they would have the sliced ham and the salad with more *petits pains*. The fourth course would be cheese with more bread. Next would come the pies, then the cake with the jams and jellies. Finally the coffee would be served, black. "Voilà un menu!" they would say, and when they were through eating they would smile broadly and enjoy perfect digestion.

But to consume a meal like that would take at least two or three hours. There would be a great deal of laughter, merry jests and much conversation across the table. Instead of shop talk there would be learned discussions among the elders of every dish, its origin, history and the different ways of preparing it. There would be much banter between young and old, which would make the meal itself the background of a merry social time. There would be neither time nor need for a special entertainment afterwards.

"They order this matter better in France," wrote Laurence Sterne many years ago, but perhaps we are still too near our pioneer days to achieve such ease at meals.

INTERNATIONAL TRADE IN MEN

A COUNTRY in which the manufacturing system is more advanced than that of its neighbors usually exports some of the products of its factories and imports some of its raw materials. That is usually taken for granted. Why then should anyone be astonished to find that a country in which the educational system is more highly developed than that of its neighbors usually exports some of the products of its schools, colleges and universities in the form of trained men? Competition for opportunities to market their training becomes somewhat severe in their own country. There is less competition for such chances in the neighboring countries, especially if those neighboring countries have natural resources to be made available. Consequently a certain number of trained men will leave the country where they got their training and go to countries where men so equipped are fewer.

Something resembling the importation of raw material also takes place; that is, the importation of ignorant and uneducated men. The same educational system that produces a large supply of trained men creates also a small supply of untrained men. Under free and universal education, where every child gets the best possible training, none will be compelled to enter a poorly paid occupation. Every occupation, even the unskilled, begins to command good wages because unskilled men are scarce and hard to

find. Under such conditions poverty tends to disappear. But those countries which do not have a good educational system always have and always will have a surplus of ignorant and unskilled laborers. Under free immigration they naturally migrate to countries where unskilled labor commands better wages than it commands in their own country—that is, to countries that have good educational systems.

The tendency for training as well as for ignorance to move from the country where it is abundant to the country where it is scarce is not simply a matter of reasoning; it is a matter of observed fact. The country that has superior schools actually exports training and imports ignorance. Before the Great War Germany was sending trained men to Russia and the Balkans and importing considerable numbers of unskilled workers. When conditions were stable in Mexico we sent many highly trained men there, and we still send a few. We are importing Mexican peons by the tens of thousands. We have sent trained men to China, but no unskilled workers. Unskilled workers would move from China to the United States if we permitted free immigration. Mexican immigration is unrestricted and is becoming a greater menace than Chinese or Japanese immigration ever was.

In plain language, where immigration is unrestricted the country that has a superior system of education exports brains and imports brawn. We are waking up to the fact that it is not a profitable exchange. No one proposes that we give up our schools. Restricting immigration in quantity and kind is the alternative.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS BOYS

should remember that thrilling serial stories of adventure are always a part of the programme of *The Companion*. Two in which the excitement and suspense are continuous will be published later in the year. They are *Silver Drift*, by Frank Lillie Pollock, and *The Antelope Kris*, by Warren Hastings Miller.

Silver Drift concerns a valuable cargo of silver ore, the rich treasure for which two boys contend with a set of desperate thieves.

The Antelope Kris is a tale of Sumatra, a young American naturalist and his friend, the boyish Prince Ali. War among the savages, a volcanic eruption and an earthquake are there to create excitement. Incident follows incident, each more startling than the last, and all take place in the wild and mysterious tropics.

If you would read these two fascinating tales

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW

If you will let us have your renewal before your present subscription expires, you will not only be doing us a great favor but will avoid the possible loss of some issues, for we can print only enough copies each week for our regular subscribers. Please do not let your name be dropped from the mailing list even temporarily. Renewal offers sent you a few weeks ago are still open, and *The Companion Home Calendar* is a gift to all renewing subscribers who ask for it.

PERRY MASON COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



CURRENT EVENTS

THOSE who know and admire Signor Mussolini tell us that he has never intended to play the rôle of dictator a minute longer than is necessary. The Fascist revolution was necessary, they say, if Italy were not to fall into a destructive civil war provoked by the Communists and Socialists. They present Signor Mussolini as anxious to put an end to forcible measures and to find a way back to strictly constitutional government. If that is a true picture, it must be that Signor Mussolini is finding himself unable either to conciliate his Liberal opponents or to moderate the passions of his own party; for the censorship and even the suppression of the press, the interference of the police with hostile political meetings and the searching of suspected houses go on unchecked. The Premier has introduced a bill to suppress all secret societies,—a blow, we are told, at the Free Masons,—and he

has just passed a new electoral bill intended to strengthen his Fascist machine. Originally the electoral bill contained provisions for plural voting, but the idea was so unpopular even with the Fascists that he abandoned it.

THE Sahara Express, Paris to Timbuktu, is now running. From Paris to Marseilles the traveler goes by rail, from Marseilles to Algiers by steamship, and from Algiers to Colomb Bechar by rail again. That takes three days. Then the eight days' journey across the desert begins. Part of the trip is made in ordinary automobiles, but over much of the way the sand is deep and soft, and nothing but motors with caterpillar treads can pass. The last three hundred and fifty miles of the journey is on the river Niger in light-draft river boats.

TWO of the three greatest naval battles of the last thirty years—Santiago and Jutland—have resulted in unfortunate controversies between the partisans, professional and political, of different admirals. Americans remember with regret the Sampson-Schley controversy, which prevented either commander from winning the place in the esteem of his countrymen to which he might fairly have aspired. Ever since the battle of Jutland British naval critics, disappointed at the failure of the British fleet to destroy the German fleet outright, have been disputing over the responsibility for the failure. Admiral Jellicoe, as the chief in command, had to take the official responsibility, but some critics have attacked Earl Beatty as a bungler. Admiral Bacon has just written a book that accuses Admiral Beatty of committing a number of serious tactical blunders in his handling of the battle-cruiser squadron and of neglecting to go to the defense of other commanders when they were censured for mistakes they did not make. The book has created a sensation of course, but it is probably true that Jutland missed being a decisive victory, not because of anyone's tactical blunders, but because of the settled policy of the British navy to conduct its campaigns so as not to risk losing its battleship fleet, on which the existence of Great Britain depended. Caution often wins in the end, as it did in this case, but it does not win by means of brilliant victories.

AND now Trotsky is turned out of the Soviet War Council. That is a humiliation for the man who made the "Red" army and virtually saved the Bolshevik revolution again and again, but his enemies are ruthless. From this distance the whole affair looks as if it were caused by the jealousy and fear that narrow and commonplace minds feel in the presence of real genius. For Trotsky, wrong as we believe him to be in his political and economic aims, is a brilliant and powerful personality. The Communist machine feared that he might use his power to make himself the master of Russia.

OUR income-tax bureau reports that in 1922 there were sixty-seven persons who paid taxes on annual incomes of more than one million dollars. That is several times as many as there were in that class in 1921. Four persons paid taxes on incomes of more than five million dollars—two in Michigan, one in New York and one in New Jersey. Almost anyone can guess correctly who three of the four are. In the interesting analysis of the returns that accompanies the report Commissioner Blair says that of the 537 persons who reported incomes exceeding \$300,000 in 1922 thirty-four paid taxes on incomes of less than \$5000 in 1921 and sixty-two were apparently earning less than \$5000 a year in 1920. Such rapid growth of fortune in time of peace and without any extraordinary expansion of business is astonishing even in this country of sudden riches.

AT the trial of the public officials and private citizens who are accused of openly violating the Volstead Act in New Jersey, one of the witnesses, a prohibition agent, caused a sensation by testifying that U. S. Senator Edwards had acted as a go-between in some negotiations the witness had had with the chief "bootlegger" in the effort to get evidence against him. Senator Edwards refused to make any statement in the matter. His friends asserted that he was unjustly accused. The jury failed to agree upon a verdict; nine voted for the conviction of the defendants, three for their acquittal.



Why not go partners with Dad?

He needs one as much as you do

• Have you ever talked over with Dad what a wonderful help the Remington Portable would be in your home? If not, by all means do so—he will be all the more pleased with you for showing such interest in yourself and the family.

Point out to him its many advantages—how it will make your school work easier—how it will give you a training which will be mighty valuable when you are through school. Then, too, it will save Mother's time. And, not the least important, it will make all of Dad's writing tasks easier.

The Remington Portable has every feature common to the big machines. Sturdy, compact and convenient. It is the recognized leader in sales and popularity. Write today for illustrated "For You—For Everybody." Address Department 64.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway, New York—Branches Everywhere

Remington Portable

SOLD
EVERYWHERE
Easy
Payment Terms



We believe we make
the best Typewriter Rib-
bon in the World—and
its name is PARAGON



CHILDREN'S PAGE

DRAWINGS BY
BENJAMIN



A GARDEN PATH

By May Justus

There is a little garden path
(I play it is a street),
And you could never guess, I know,
When in it I a-walking go
How many folks I meet.

There's funny Mr. Hoppy Toad,
Quite elderly and fat,
Who always winks and hurries by
And will not wait for me, though I
Should like to have a chat.

And Mrs. Snail, who takes her house
Wherever she must go;
I longed to get a peep inside,
But as the door's not very wide
I couldn't quite, you know.

One day a whole procession passed,
A lovely ant parade.
They went like soldiers marching by,
They seemed so orderly and spry
And not a bit afraid.

I like the little garden path,
And so, I'm sure, would you.
If you will go with me some day
I'll show you all along the way,
And all the people too.

THE BUILDER

By Ethel Bowen White

CARRIE MAY loved valentines. She had always lived in a town where all the children whispered and planned for a whole week before Valentine's Day, so that when it came every girl and every boy had all the old- and the new-fashioned valentines and all the serious and the funny valentines that any child could wish for.

But this year Carrie May decided there was really no hope! Here she was in a new village where there was no store, and where she hadn't a single friend. Even the house that she lived in looked unfriendly, for the builder had not got it quite done.

When Carrie May and her mother and father stepped off the train, there stood the builder apologizing.

"I am sorry not to have kept my promise. I tried to get extra men to finish your house, but it was very hard. The inside is ready, and you can move right in. We'll hurry and finish the shutters at home evenings, and in a week things should be done."

The next morning mother looked tired, and father hurried to his new office. Carrie May decided that, even if spring was a long, long way off, she would begin to dig a garden. The earth was hard, and so was the digging. Suddenly two big tears splashed down on her pink cheeks.

The builder was standing close by. "There," said he, "give me that spade. You must not work too hard."

"It's not the digging," sobbed Carrie May. "It's 'cause I have no friends, and in six days it's going to be Valentine's Day."

"Why, so it is!" said the builder. "Do you know, I like valentines too, only somehow I never get them. What kind do you like?"

"Oh, hearts," burst from Carrie May's red lips. "I love all kinds, but hearts are best of all."

"Hearts?" asked the builder. "What kind of hearts?"

"Oh, any kind of hearts!" said Carrie May, smiling into the builder's eyes. "They are all so beautiful! Don't you think so?"

The builder smiled at Carrie May and said, "Yes, any kind of hearts are beautiful!"



THE VALENTINE SHOP

By Helen Cowles LeCron



THE valentine shop is the sweetest of places,
And oh, how it begs you to stop
And buy of its wares!—Oh, the ribbons and laces,
The cupids, the roses and sweet smiling faces
That bloom in the valentine shop!

The valentine shop is the place where our Dolly
Is always just dying to stop!
"O Nancy! Just fancy! Look, Peggy and Polly!
Now how I should love to get that one for Molly!"
Sing ho for the valentine shop!



After that Carrie May and the builder worked together every morning. Carrie May never cried any more, because she had a secret that grew out of her talk with the builder that first day.

Every afternoon she closed the door of her room and put a sign on the outside that said, "Do not enter!" Not a sound came from behind that closed door, and no one could guess what Carrie May was doing.

It was still dark on the morning of February 14 when Carrie May woke up. Her eyes fell on a box almost hidden beneath her bureau. "How surprised he will be!" she said to herself.

Then she thought that it would never be time to get

up and have breakfast; and breakfast took a long, long time when it did come, but at last it was finished, and Carrie May danced off to hide her package under the builder's ladder.

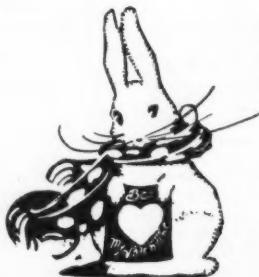
But when she reached the yard she gave a loud cry that brought mother and father hurrying to her side. Carrie May was jumping up and down pointing with both hands at the house and crying, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,

eight, nine, ten," and on and on. No wonder. On each side of every single window of that house hung a big green valentine with a heart cut straight through its centre. There were twenty-four windows in Carrie May's house and each window had two valentines; so now you know exactly how many valentines Carrie May had.

As she ran round the house for the second time, counting, to be sure she had not missed a window, she bumped right into the builder. There she stood with her package in her hand. What could she do? Her heart began to jump pit-a-pat so hard and so fast that she could not speak at all. But the builder must have understood, for he took the package from her hand.

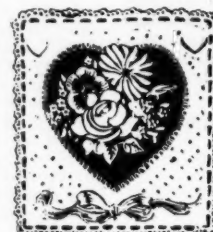
He untied the ribbon and opened the box and took out a very fat book shaped like a heart. On each page Carrie May had printed carefully a valentine verse. Some she remembered, and some she had just made up. One of those that she made up was:

"The builder is a happy man;
I like him very much;
And some sweet day not far away
I hope he'll come to lunch."



* The Valentine that Jane sent Jimmy for a big surprise

* And it certainly was!



* The Valentine that Jimmy sent Jane for a big surprise

* And it certainly was!

A BARNYARD

DIALOGUE

By Robert Palfrey Utter

Bossy looks out of the window,
Says, "Rooster, how do you do?
Moo, moo,
Rooster, how do you do?"

Rooster jumps up on the fence post,
Says, "This is the way I do,
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
This is the way I do."

♦ ♦

That didn't seem to sound exactly right, but the idea was pretty, and that was all that really mattered, thought Carrie May.

When she saw how happy the builder was her voice came back and she said, "Oh, I never had so many big valentines in all my life!"

And after that Carrie May and the builder were always the best of friends.

♦ ♦

THE CATBIRD THAT ATE THE CAMPERS' BUTTER

By Frances Margaret Fox

CATBIRDS, as you may know, have ways of their own. They are delightful neighbors. The crossiest man in the world must feel a little cheerful when he hears catbirds sing. Their songs are rollicking and merry because their hearts are full of joy.

It is true that they do say "Me-ow, me-ow," like the most disagreeable cat that ever walked the jungle, and that is how their family came by the name of catbird. But did you ever stop to think why the first catbird may have happened to say "Me-ow, me-ow"?

It has always seemed to me this way: Catbird fathers must wish their children to be brave little birds, even while they are babies at home in the nest. Now it may be that away back in the beginning a nestful of catbird babies were afraid of a soft-walking, high-stepping, four-legged bobbed-tailed, striped old tiger cat. Perhaps they peeped over the edge of the nest and saw him creeping along, creeping along, under their home bush. It may be too that those long-ago nestlings heard one of the first cats in the world say "Me-ow, me-ow."

Don't you suppose the catbird felt sorry when he saw his babies so frightened that they didn't dare open their mouths for the worms that their mother brought for their breakfast? Of course he did; maybe too he felt cross about it.

But he must have thought that the best thing to do was to make the babies laugh. So perhaps he made fun of that soft-walking, high-stepping, four-legged, bob-tailed, striped old tiger cat. It may be that then and there he said "Me-ow, me-ow," exactly like the old cat that walked the jungle; maybe the catbird father was surprised to find how perfectly he could say "Me-ow."

Perhaps the children laughed, and perhaps they didn't; but father catbird must have had a good time saying "Meow, me-ow." He must have thought it was jolly fun, because, as we all know, father catbirds have been saying "Me-ow, me-ow," for hundreds and hundreds of years. Perhaps they are doing it now for fun and to make the children laugh.

Anyway, catbirds are never really cross and disagreeable. The truth is, they are as full of fun as schoolboys.

Now the catbird that helped herself to the campers' butter lived in North Dakota. The wild mother catbird, with much advice from wild father catbird, built her nest in a thicket beside a beautiful spot where there



Just try that
"Good old
licorice
flavor!"

"Old Town Canoes"



"Old Town Canoes" are patterned after real Indian models. They are graceful, strong and remarkably steady. "Old Town Canoes" respond instantly to every stroke of the blade. They are low in price, \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1925 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. Old Town Canoe Co., 1552 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



WANTED-RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS
\$133 to \$192 month. Travel—see your country. Every second week off—full pay. Common education sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list of Government positions and free sample coaching lessons. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. A227, Rochester, N.Y.

PISO'S
for coughs
Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup
35c and 60c sizes.
And externally, use PISO'S
Throat and Chest Salve, 35c

After A Bath
With
Cuticura Soap
Dust With
Cuticura Talcum
Delicately Medicated
Of Pleasing Fragrance

80 - PAGE BOOK ON ASTHMA

Send Free on request, telling how to be cured at home.
Address **P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.**
Ask for Bulletin Y-234

Wrestling Book FREE
Tells how to be a great athlete and scientist—how to win. Startling secrets taught in wonderful lessons by world's champion Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Be strong, healthy, athletic. Handle big men with ease. Learn self defense. Be a leader. Men and boys, write for Free Book today. State your age. Farmer Burns School, 2502 Railway Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

ADVENTURE BOOKS FOR BOYS
Best and liveliest stories published. Send fifteen cents in stamps for "Battle Ship Boys at Sea; or Two Apprentices in Uncle Sam's Navy," and free catalog.
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY
1326 Vine St. Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LOOKING-GLASS

By Florence Hartman Townsend

Mother says I'm not to peep
In the looking-glass too much,
But how am I to see my curls
And muslin ruffles, lace and such
And silken stockings soft and fine,
And satin sash tied in a bow,
With ends that make a flowing line?

My auntie likes the looking-glass—
She says it chases frowns away,
And that she thinks that I should stand

Before the looking-glass all day.
And I believe she's partly right,
For when I see the ugly frowns
I make them hurry right away—
They're all at odds with pretty gowns!

were a few trees. She laid her eggs and hatched her little ones. Father catbird rose at dawn every morning and sang in the choir.

Then one fine day a family came to camp in the beautiful spot near the catbirds' nest. Mrs. Catbird immediately fell in love with the camp mother, and no wonder! Father Catbird liked her too; he liked her so well that he never once said "Me-ow, me-ow" at her, not even to make her laugh.

As soon as the camp mother was settled she called upon Mrs. Catbird, and Mrs. Catbird invited her to see the baby catbirds. The little ones looked pretty and behaved well; they were wearing rompers made of soft down just then, and when the camp mother spoke to them they lifted their heads and said "Peep, peep, peep," most politely.

The next day Mrs. Catbird returned the camp mother's call. She hopped on the breakfast table and helped herself to butter. She took a whole scoopful. Then home she carried good butter to her babies. Scoopful after scoopful of butter the catbird took home to her family. She did the same thing at dinner time, and again at supper time.

Meanwhile Father Catbird sat in the thicket and sang rollicking songs.

Next day the same thing happened again, and the next day and the next. Everyone was happy about it except the camp mother. Mrs. Catbird was pleased to get such a dainty for her children; the babies grew and grew and grew, and Father Catbird sang thankfulness-for-butter songs from dawn until sunset. But the camp mother didn't like to have even the prettiest catbird in the world dipping into her butter.

She tried to keep the butter covered. Mrs. Catbird watched, and the minute the cover was lifted she came to get a scoopful for her babies. It made no difference if guests were invited to dine at camp; Mrs. Catbird flew to the table just the same and helped herself to butter.

The guests had the fun of sitting at the table and seeing the mother catbird feed the butter to her babies, but the camp mother never could get used to having a catbird dip into her butter. She was so kind and polite, however, that she never said a word to hurt Mrs. Catbird's feelings.

It wasn't long before the butter-fed baby catbirds had all their feathers and learned to fly.

Now this is a true story, and the camp mother was glad when Mrs. Catbird stopped spoiling the butter, but she was sorry when Mrs. Catbird and her babies had flown away and Father Catbird no longer sang rollicking songs in the thicket.

A FRIEND IN NEED

By Mattie Lee Hausgen

Said the Dame in the Shoe to the
Babes in the Wood,

"I have room for you here as all kind
people should";

So she tucked them way down in the
tip of the toe,

Where they lived happy afterward—
well you may know.



Give us Telephones

Following the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

The telephone shortage is never far away. If for a few years the telephone company was unable to build ahead, if it neglected to push into the markets for capital and materials for the future's need, there would be a recurrence of the dearth of telephones. No one could dread that eventuality so much as the 350,000 telephone workers.

Bell System engineers measure and forecast the growth of communities; cables, conduits, switchboards and buildings are planned and developed years ahead of the need, that facilities may be provided in advance of telephone want. Population or business requirements added to a community must find the telephone ready, waiting.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Spencerian Personal Steel Pens

No. 42—Gold
and dome
pointed, smooth
action.



One of
50 styles

SPENCERIAN Personal Steel Pens differ from ordinary kinds just as tailored clothes differ from "ready-mades." They are hand-built from the finest Spencerian steel. They are perfect in finish, with just the proper flexibility and smoothest possible points. One of the fifty different styles and sizes was built especially for your handwriting! It will prove a revelation in writing-ease. It costs no more.

Send 10c for 10 sample pens and free booklet, "What your handwriting reveals."

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York

The Traffic Cop of the Air

Add a Ferberd Wave Trap to your Radio Set and "Police" your reception. Regulate traffic. Guaranteed to tune out any interfering station. Widely imitated but never equalled. The original and only successful WAVE TRAP. Now in its third year. Sent Postpaid upon receipt of \$8.50 or C. O. D. Boys can earn small payments. **FERBERD ELECTRIC CO.** 27 E. So. Water St. Chicago

Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk
Safe Milk
For Infants,
Children, Invalids
Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations

30 Days' Free Trial

Select from 44 styles, colors and sizes, famous Raleigh bicycles. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, at factory prices, from \$21.50 up.

45 a Month advance first deposit. If desired, Parents often buy wheels, lamps, horns, equipment at half usual prices. Send No Money. Write for our marvelous prices and terms.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Write us today for free catalog
DEPT. H-51 CHICAGO

Dialogs, Monologs, Vaudeville Acts
Musical Comedies, How to Stage a Play
and Reviews Min- Make-up Goo's
strol Opening Choruses, Darky Plays, Catalog FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 77, CHICAGO

SKIS AT NIGHT

By John Hanlon



The mountain draws a slender line
Against the limpid twilight tint
Where black and crooked hemlocks twine
Like cedars in a Nippon print,
And homing shallops strike and furl
Their sails of amethyst and pearl.

The field has lost its crazy fence,
The furrows and the frolic rill,
The little clumps of bushes whence
Wild roses blew. The swooping hill
Is shrouded in an ivory pall
Except where purpling shadows fall.

The night is clear as it is cold,
And all the sounds of day are dim
Save, cracking sharply in the wind,
The outcry of a frost-racked limb
Or else a soft hiss as a branch
Unloads its silver avalanche.

Then down the slope slim figures go,
Like gods or gray ghosts that descend,
Across a gleaming world of snow
Until where shadow arms extend
They're lost again. Man stole to ski
The winging feet of Mercury.

"AT WORK IN HIS VINEYARD"

IN early manhood Donald Hankey, widely known as the "Student in Arms," passed through years of mental and spiritual perplexity. God seemed unreal to him. "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" was the cry of his heart.

One day he remembered a saying once heard in childhood: "If you would behold Christ, He is at work in his vineyard."

Hankey set out on the quest. Resigning his commission in the army, he began to work among boys in the East End of London. That was the vineyard, the crowded, ragged life of city slums, where he looked to find the Master. Nor was he disappointed. At the bedside of a boy who was dying of consumption he suddenly felt the reality of Christ. The Master was there at work in his vineyard. God in a slum! Yes, as surely as God in a garden!

"We have a religion," said Scott Holland, "that finds in humanity the special expression of God's life. God is to be felt in the movement of human multitudes in a more tingling intimacy than can ever be won out of running rivers and silent stars. Something ought to emerge through the city and its throngs that carries us nearer to God's heart than woods or water, hills or sun or moon."

Fellowship in city slums and such lowly places of pain is sacramental. After long and fruitless quest Sir Launfal found the Holy Grail at last as he shared his crust and cup of cold water with the beggar at his gate. Something emerged out of that fellowship: the two became three. So the vision came to Hankey, the young knight of our day, as he shared his love with the dying boy. He learned more in that sordid room than in a whole library of theology.

To many a perplexed soul the word that helped Hankey may prove a kindly light. "If you would behold Christ, He is at work in his vineyard." To find Him you must go down into the vineyard, not as a visitor, but as a worker.

THE WORST BOY IN THE DISTRICT

A POLICE court reporter sees a great deal of the wrong side of human nature. He could perhaps become a hopeless misanthrope if once in a while something did not happen that shows how much good there may be hidden even in the most unpromising human being. Mr. William T. Ewens in Thirty Years at Bow Street tells of a case that came under his own eye that taught him not to condemn anyone as wholly bad.

"He's the worst boy in the district," said the jailer, referring to a red-haired urchin in the dock. "He treats his mother shamefully."

"Oh, don't say that," pleaded his mother tearfully. "He's a dear good boy to me, ain't yer, Joe?"

Joe grinned. He was an accomplished young liar, but he drew the line at aiding and abetting his mother when she told such a palpable untruth as that. The jailer had not slandered him when he described the way in which he treated his mother.

Fortunately perhaps for her, he was the only child she had. She lavished all her love on him, worked day and night in order that he might live in idleness and contented herself with scanty fare so that he might have good food and plenty of it. Even in the depth of winter she wore thin clothing in order to provide him with good boots and a warm overcoat. Every night he went to her for pocket money and got it. At least twice a week she had to give him enough to take him into the gallery of one of the cheap theatres, and while he was enjoying

the play for sixpence or so, with perhaps fried fish and potatoes to follow, his poor old mother was probably crying herself to sleep. He rewarded all her kindness with base ingratitude and sometimes with personal violence.

As years rolled on and the boy grew into a red-haired ruffian it was useless for his mother to plead for mercy on the ground that he was "a dear good boy," and he was sent to prison on several occasions. His mother always met him at the prison gates, and he had what he described as "a high old bean" with the money she had saved during his retirement.

Then there came a sudden change;—the most remarkable change the missionary then at Bow Street had ever known or heard of;—the poor old woman suddenly became blind. The son, instead of ill-using her because she was no longer able to minister to his wants, became a reformed character. He gave up his evil companions and worked hard in order that his mother might have all that she required. On Sunday night he astonished all who knew him by leading the poor creature to church. He was virtually the only nurse she had during a painful illness, and just before she died in his arms she was heard to say, "He's a dear good boy to me, is my boy. I'll pay his fine, sir, if you'll let me."

And soon after the funeral Joe went to one of the colonies where he did well and reared a number of red-haired boys who never saw the inside of a police court.

SQUIRTGUNNERY

ON the third evening of the carnival, says a writer in the London Sphere, at the little port where the Pyrenees come flopping down into the Mediterranean a new murmur was in the air. "Ce soir," young men and maidens said to one another, "there will be squirtgunnery." (Pronounced skveertgoonery.)

"What new form of blithe exuberance will that be?" I mused. I was soon enlightened. Here and there along the top of the beach trestle-tables appeared. On the tables were acetylene flares, and below the flares lay piles of gleaming silvery tubes. Scented water was their contents. For a franc you bought three.

About eight o'clock when the harbor side began to be thronged again and the merry-go-rounds were blaring and blinking with brass strange feminine squeals and gruff Catalan shouts began to break through the even hubbub of the fair. And in the light of the arc lamps swaying wildly in the hot night wind straight from Africa that surged through the big plane trees in front of the Café Pi you saw strange writhing and things like silver wires that suddenly shot out from swiftly raised wrists. The "skveertgoonery" had begun.

There was a highly developed technique about it. You did not attack indiscriminately. Only a third of the strolling crowd were "gunning." It was not sportsmanlike to fire on a noncombatant more than once unless in the case of very peppery old gentlemen or young ladies who squealed with exceptional verve and dissonance. Far from spoiling the fun, that really made skveertgoonery much more entrancing. Skveertgooners lived, moved, had their being, developed their feuds and fought out their desperate contests as they passed to and fro among a parading populace that served as cover to their operations.

In the preliminary stages of combat your skveertgoon was turned only on the unaware. You watched for men or girls in whose clenched fist was a gleaming silvery tube. When they were looking the other way you swiftly trained a needle jet of water upon them, short and sharp, then dropped your arm and held the tube out of sight while you blandly met their alert, dishevelled gaze as they whipped round with a squeal or a shout.

The higher branch of skveertgoon strategy, however, was the rebuking of sinful pride and the abasement of gloaters at their moment of triumph. Threading your way through the gay crowd, you watch for a "gooner" who has just made a successful hit. The very next second you get him behind the ear. There is a thrill of peculiar pleasure in this coup.

In less than an hour the preliminary encounters become fiercer. The most careful craftsman has by now made several faux pas. Everyone knows by now that the girl in green and the girl in the brown and black chequers and the girl with the scarlet chiffon thing over her head and the youth in the duck trousers and the man with the Panama and sandals and the boy with the close-cropped ginger hair are perniciously active skveertgooners.

There are scores to be settled. Everyone is tracking or being tracked. Furious encounters with a dozen participants spring up here and there. The surreptitious phase has passed. Now skveertgoons are gripped in both hands. You are soaked to the skin and streaming with scented water. Torrents flow down your back. Cascades descend from your brow. You dwell in a perpetual spattering cloud of spray. The noncombatants fall back. The girl in green falls back, sodden and screechless, and sodden and screechless falls back the girl with the scarlet chiffon thing over her head. There you stand among your male antagonists. With one foot forward, tense bodies poised, contorted features screwed up, eyes tight-shut, men rake one another's visages with tingling jets of water.

Now you are through. The last skveertgoon is squashed flat. You cast it down and fling up your arms. "Kamerad!" you cry. And chival-

rously they let you go, dripping but unpursued.

But this is no warfare understandable of nurses and infants. You sit down at a table at the Café Pi and order a demitasse. To a neighboring table comes a strayed child of seven, rejoicing her chastely-uniformed nurse.

"Voyez, Marcelle!"—And the little creature lets her nurse have a jet full in the face. The next instant she is prostrate over nurse's knee, and enraged squallings greet the briskly plied flat hand of outraged propriety.

MOTHER EMU'S WAY AND FATHER HORNBILL'S

AMONG certain birds, notably the Australian emu and some other ostrichlike birds, "emancipated" females are the rule. According to Mr. Lee S. Crandall in the Mentor, the lady does the courting. In the case of the emu it consists largely of a loud booming, accomplished by means of enlarged air sacks in the neck.

The emu is an irregular layer; she deposits her beautiful great green eggs at intervals of from two days to a week. She builds no nest, and it is the duty of the harassed male to follow her movements closely and to cover with bits of grass and straw the eggs she deigns to lay, so that they may have at least some protection. The clutch varies from two or three to as many as eighteen, and how he keeps track of them all is a mystery. At any rate when he thinks that no more are to appear he scoops a shallow place in the ground and gathers into it his scattered treasures. Then he humbly begins the process of incubation, a task by the way that lasts for eight weeks.

When the babies finally emerge he cares for them solicitously, lavishing on them an attention that no mother could excel. The great bird, nearly as large as an ostrich, leading a lively brood of prettily striped chicks smaller than bantams, might serve as a perfect example of motherly solicitude. And so he guards them for a year and a half, leaving them only to yield to the persuasive boom that again bends his neck to the yoke.

And what has Mother Emu been doing with her spare time, gained at the expense of her down-trodden mate? She has been roaming the country, booming for another!

A perfect counterbalance for the freedom of the female emu is furnished by the hornbills. These birds nest in cavities in great trees of the



Papa Emu takes the children for a walk

jungle. Only one egg is laid, and as soon as it is deposited the male plasters up the opening, leaving only a narrow, vertical slit. Through that aperture he feeds his prisoner and in due course the youngster as well. Until the young bird is full-fledged there is no other means than the tiny window for communication with the outer world, and yet the inmates of the jungle prison thrive and grow fat during their long period of captivity. The jailer furnishes a plentiful supply of food neatly wrapped in packets and covered with a filament that some authorities consider to be a layer of the lining of the gizzard and others a glandular secretion. Father Hornbill plainly believes that "woman's place is in the home," and so he keeps her there.

MARK TWAIN AND THE ESCAPED BEUTELRATTE

READERS who remember what Mark Twain says about the German language in his travel books, The Innocents Abroad and A Tramp Abroad, will no doubt find a familiar flavor in the following incident related in his recently published autobiography:

A Dresden paper, the Weidmann, which thinks that there are kangaroos (Beutelratte) in South Africa, says the Hottentots (Hottentots) put them in cages (Kotter) provided with covers (Lattengitter) to protect them from the rain. The cages are therefore called Lattengitterkotters, and the imprisoned kangaroo Lattengitterkottersbeuteleratte. One day an assassin (Attentäter) was arrested who had killed a Hottentot woman (Hottentotenmutter), the mother of two stupid and stuttering children in Strotterter. This woman in the German language is entitled Hottentotenstrotterterrottemutter, and her assassin takes the name Hottentotenstrotterterrottemutterattentäter. The murderer was

confined in a kangaroo's cage—Beutelratte-lattengitterkottersbeuteleratte—whence a few days later he escaped, but fortunately he was recaptured by a Hottentot, who presented himself at the mayor's office with beaming face.

"I have captured the Beutelratte," said he. "Which one?" said the mayor. "We have several."

"The Attentäterlattengitterkottersbeuteleratte."

"Which Attentäter are you talking about?" "About the Hottentotenstrotterterrottemutterattentäter."

"Then why don't you say at once the Hottentotenstrotterterrottemutterattentäterlattengitterkottersbeuteleratte?"

A CAREFUL WITNESS

THE lawyer for the defense was conducting a cross-examination. The witness, says the Boston Globe, was a woman, and in reply to the first two or three questions she always qualified with "They say" or "I've heard," until the lawyer cautioned her:

"Now, madam, hearsay testimony is not acceptable in this court. If you cannot answer a question from your own personal knowledge, then you cannot answer it at all. We do not want to find out what you have heard about the case, but what you actually know at first hand."

Then the lawyer continued with the preliminary questions. "You live here in Curryvale, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you lived here?"

"About five years."

"Where did you live before that?"

"At Stockton."

"Where before that?"

"I have lived only in the two towns, Stockton and Curryvale."

"Ah! So you were born in Stockton. When were you born?"

"The witness was silent."

"I say, when were you born?" the lawyer repeated.

"I can't answer the question," the witness replied.

"But you must answer! When were you born?"

"But I can't," the witness insisted. "All I know about the matter of my birth is mere hearsay, and you just said I couldn't give that kind of information!"

HE TRAVELED LIKE A TURTLE

READERS of a generation that is now grown elderly remember with affection the delightful Georgia tales of Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston. The author himself was as whimsical and original as his stories. Here is an amusing description of him from Mr. L. Frank Tooker's Joys and Tribulations of an Editor:

He wore a roomy, long black overcoat, for it was winter, but roomy though it was, its many pockets bulged in a discomfiting manner; and when he took the chair by my side that I offered him the skirt of his overcoat caught over the arm, and a whisk broom dropped to the floor. As I picked it up and gave it to him he placidly stuffed it back into a pocket already crowded.

"I always travel in a light marching order," he explained in his soft Southern drawl, "like a turtle, you know—everything on my back. Then I don't leave things all about."

He explained his protuberant pockets with the artlessness of a child. Everything he needed while away was in them, he said—shaving things, brushes and underwear. An extra stiff-bosomed white shirt he wore under the one that showed to the public, and his roomy trousers and long frock coat he had pulled on over his dress suit. One waistcoat served both day and evening.

But presently, apologizing for keeping me from my work,—Heaven knows I had no work so delightful as listening to him!—he said he thought he would go in and talk with Mr. Crane for a while.

"You mean Mr. Drake," I said.

Chuckling, he tapped me on the knee as he rose to his feet. "Ah, I knew he was some sort of bird," he replied.

IN OTHER WORDS, 'TAIN'T FAIR!

A BUSINESS man who had motored out to his summer camp for the week end met his little daughter at the bridge and presented her with a small sack of candy. Just before they reached camp they overtook the small barefoot boy who brought them milk each morning.

"Give the little boy some candy, Gertie," her father suggested.

Gertie picked out a small piece, but her father took the bag and poured out several pieces into the boy's outstretched hand.

After the boy had gone Gertie said reproachfully, "Papa, why did you give that milk boy nearly all my candy?"

"Why, my dear, you must be generous! Think of all the nice milk he brings, and they don't charge much for it."

"Oh, well," said the little girl, still reproachful, "I only had a few bits of candy, and he's got a whole cow full of milk."



BABY CHICKS



PINE TREE

Baby Chicks from selected heavy-laying flocks, mated by a licensed poultry judge. Great vigor and splendid type. All leading breeds. Our Baby Chick Book tells all about them. Gives hints based on thirty-three years' experience. Write for it today. Order from the "Oldest Hatchery in the U. S." Unusual values; rock-bottom prices.

PINE TREE HATCHERY
Box C Stockton, New Jersey
Member Int'l Baby Chick Ass'n

BABY CHICKS

BABY CHICKS

FROM 200-EGG HENS

Chicks from winter laying, farm raised, matured stock S. C. W. Leghorns, R. I. Reds, Barred Rocks, White Rocks, White Wyandottes, Minorcas, White Orpingtons, Anconas, Black Jersey Giants, White Indian Runner Ducks, Pekin Ducks, \$15 per 100 up. Live delivery guaranteed. Parcel Post prepaid. Hatching eggs, \$5 per 100 up. Circular free.

GLEN ROCK NURSERY & STOCK FARM
Ridgewood, N. J.

ONE MILLION

ACCREDITED "GOOD LUCK" QUALITY CHICKS. All best, most beautiful breeds, 10c & up. **BIG BEAUTIFUL ART BOOK** showing them in their natural colors. Check full of valuable information on raising our "GOOD LUCK" CHICKS, how to make BIG MONEY with Poultry, full prices, etc., sent free NOW. **Kouhauser Hatcheries,** Box 45, Napoleon, Ohio, Bank Ref.

FOSTORIA HATCHERY

\$1.00 DOWN books your future order. Leading breeds, heavy laying strains. Postpaid, delivery guaranteed. "FOSTORIA" Chicks BEST by TEST and comparison. Catalog free. **FOSTORIA HATCHERY, Dept. 36 Fostoria, Ohio**

BUY INSURED CHICKS

Hatched from strong, vigorous, heavy laying brood stock, all leading varieties. Postpaid. Full live delivery guaranteed and we **INSURE THEM TO LIVE** for you through the most critical period. Get Catalog and full particulars at once. **Globe Hatchery, Box 23, Berne, Ind.**

JUST-RITE Pedigree, Exhibition, Utility Matings

20 popular breeds, high power layers, 20 rare breeds, 4 breeds ducklings. **Nabob Quality**, none better at any price. 5% live arrival guaranteed. Postage Paid. **Free Feed** with each order. Catalogue free, stamps appreciated. Member International Baby Chick Ass'n. **Nabob Hatcheries, Ave. 16, Gambler, Ohio**

My Pure Blood

Chicks from high-bred, inspected flocks will please you and make you money. Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes, Minorcas, Buff Orpingtons, Anconas. Low prices. Catalogue free. Write me today. **Mary Maude Farms, Box 55, Portland, Ind.**

GENEVA QUALITY CHICKS

20 varieties, Heavy Laying Strains. Lowest Prices. Free live delivery. Free catalog now. Bank reference. **GENEVA HATCHERY, Box 17, Geneva, Ind.**

ATHENEON CHICKS

Will please you. Pure bred, vigorous, healthy. **NONE BETTER.** Rocks, Reds, Leghorns, Wyandottes, Anconas, etc. Postpaid, \$10 per 100 and up. Delivery guaranteed. Get the free catalog before buying. Bank reference. **Athens Chick Hatchery, Box 34, Athens, Ohio**

Real Quality Chicks at common Baby Chick prices.

100% Live Delivery Guaranteed Postpaid. Leghorns, 50¢; 100, \$13.50; 500, \$62. Barred and White Rocks, Reds, Minorcas, 50¢; 100, \$15.50; 500, \$72. Wyandottes, Orpingtons, 50¢; 100, \$16. Mixed, 100, \$11; 1000, \$100. Ref. 1st National Bank. Free Catalog. **Quality Chick Hatchery, Dept. E, Wausau, Ohio.**

MODERN CHICKS

Hatched from pure-bred, heavy-laying flocks, inspected by expert, holding O. S. U. Certificate. Old customers taking large portion of production. Postpaid, 100% live delivery. Low prices. All leading varieties. Free Circular. **MODERN HATCHERY, Box 43, Mt. Blanchard, Ohio**

CHICKS

From best purebred, heavy-laying flocks. Wh., Br., Buff. Leghorns, 100, \$13. Barred Rocks, R. I. Reds, 100, \$15. Buff and Wh. Wyandott, Buff Rocks, 100, \$16. Postpaid, 100% live delivery guaranteed. Bank reference. Circular free. **Kirkersville Hatchery, Box 27, Kirkersville, O.**

BUY INVINCIBLE CHICKS

And reap big profits. Pure bred, vigorous, beautiful, heavy laying. Leading breeds. Postpaid, full live delivery. Bank Ref. Free Circular. **The Archbold Hatchery, Box 26, Archbold, Ohio**

CLASS RINGS & PINS

Largest Catalog Issued—FREE. Samples loaned class officers. Prices \$2.50 to \$8.00 each. No order for class, society, club or business too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

METAL ARTS CO., Inc. 7700 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



TERMS

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company. The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and business offices, 881 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Renewal Payment should be sent directly to the address below and receipt will be acknowledged by change in the expiration date following the subscriber's address on the margin of the paper. Payment to a stranger is made at the risk of the subscriber.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe.

Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. In asking for change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Manuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delays consideration of them.

LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED and orders made payable to

PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

VITAMINES

THE two subjects that are engaging the attention of medical men more perhaps than any others at the present time are vitamins and the internal secretions, or hormones. And the two are in a manner one, for it has been found that the proper action of the glands that give origin to the internal secretions depends largely upon a sufficient quantity of vitamins in the food.

It is difficult to give a satisfactory definition of vitamins, for their chemical composition has not yet been discovered, and we know them and can classify them only by their effects and by the evil results to men and animals when they are absent from the food. We know only that they are substances contained in small amounts in fresh foods, and that they are essential to normal nutrition; they are different from the energy-producing principles in food—proteins, fats and carbohydrates. Perhaps the best explanation is that given by a recent English writer, who likens them to the spark that ignites the fuel mixture of a gasoline engine; the spark, he says, is of no use without the fuel, or the fuel without the spark.

There are at least three different vitamins that are classed broadly by the diseases that the lack of them causes. Rickets results from the lack of A vitamin, beriberi from the lack of B vitamin, and scurvy from the lack of C vitamin. It is thought that the so-called "hunger dropsy" is caused by a deficiency of D vitamin, but that is pure speculation as yet.

Vitamins are not manufactured in the animal body, and such of them as are contained in fresh meat, milk, butter and eggs are derived from the vegetable food of the animal or the fowl. The diseases above mentioned are not the only ones caused by a deficiency of vitamins; they are seen only occasionally when there is an almost total lack of the essential vitamin. The usual manifestation is ill health—poor appetite, headaches, dyspepsia, intestinal indigestion, neuralgia and neuritis, sleeplessness, fatigue after slight exertion, anemia, neurasthenia and so on.

The prevention or cure of the troubles that are traced to lack of vitamins is a change to protective foods in the dietary—whole-wheat bread, eggs, milk, butter, fresh fruits, salads and fresh vegetables cooked rapidly, for prolonged boiling or even simmering destroys the vitamins. Tomatoes have all the vitamins in fair amount and so are very useful, but they can seldom be eaten in large quantities because of the acid they contain. Canning meats and vegetables destroys the vitamins in large measure.

HE CAUGHT AND KILLED A WEASEL, BARE-HANDED

IN the very interesting article on Hunting in the Pennsylvania Woods, writes a reader of The Companion, Mr. Lewis Edwin Theiss speaks of the exploit of Mr. C. K. Sober in killing a pheasant and a weasel at one shot. The account reminded me of an experience I had with a weasel when I was a boy of fourteen years on a farm in New Hampshire. One day we were haying near the house when I heard a great commotion among the hens in the henhouse. I dropped my rake and went to see what the trouble was. I suspected a weasel, and sure enough just as I stepped inside the door a large one darted out and fastened on a hen under the wing. She squawked, flew and landed at my feet. In my excitement and not thinking of the consequences, I grabbed the weasel round the body and lifted him and also the hen. By that time I realized my danger but fortunately I was standing beside a pile of bunched shingles, and as he let go of the hen and twisted himself to get at me I rapped his head smartly against the shingles. It stunned him, and a few more blows finished him. So I can truthfully say that I have caught and killed a weasel with my bare hands; but I should not care to try it again.



In the Home Circle

Here is the foundation of any library built for education and culture—one book in which all the word-power of English is concentrated—the "Supreme Authority"—

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The Merriam Webster

A whole library in one volume equivalent in type matter to a 15-volume encyclopedia. Its 451,000 entries include 407,000 vocabulary terms and their correct use; new words; 32,000 geographical entries; 12,000 biographical entries; foreign words and phrases; encyclopedic tables and articles; and a wealth of other information. More than 6,000 illustrations. Here are the answers to all your questions about words, people, and places in a work whose unquestioned authority has made it the standard of the English-speaking world.

FREE—If You Send the Coupon

We will be glad to send, on request, without obligation to you, a sample page of new words, specimen pages on Regular and India papers, the booklet "You Are the Jury" and a useful set of pocket maps. Just mail the coupon.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
Springfield Mass.

G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass. Send me, free, sample page of new words, specimen pages of Webster's New International Dictionary, "You Are the Jury" and pocket maps. (Y. C. S-35)

Name _____
Street _____
City and State _____

FREE

Send Us Your Name

This wonderful full book contains a thousand bargains of everything in radio; parts, supplies, complete parts for sets, complete sets, etc., also a mine of very latest information on all different circuits, complete list of broadcasting stations and other valuable data. Send your name and names of friends and we will mail catalogs to them also.

RANDOLPH RADIO CORPORATION
159 North Union Avenue, Dept. 335 Chicago

BIG RADIO BOOK

Write at Once

Save 30% to 50%

We at Once

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He named it Powder-paint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof, sanitary and durable for outside or inside painting. It is the cement principle applied to paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to A. L. Rice, Inc., Manufacturers, 104 North St., Adams, N. Y., and a trial package will be mailed to you, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write today.

New Easy Way to Learn CARTOONING

You can now quickly learn to make comics, sport cartoons, animated and serious cartoons, etc. Cartooning is lots of fun—and fun that pays big money! Learn cartooning at home in spare time this amazingly easy way.

Send for Free Book
Mail postcard or letter today for Free Book on Cartooning. It tells all about this easy method perfected by one of America's most successful cartoonists—also is filled with interesting facts about cartooning. Mail card TODAY! Give Age if under 16 years.

Washington School of Cartooning
Room 1062C, 1113-115th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

EARN YOUR CHOICE

Latest Style jeweled wrist watches, guaranteed time keepers. Given for selling our large packets vegetable seeds, 10c each according to our plan. Send for 40 parts today. Ready Sold. Earn big money or gifts. **AMERICAN SEED CO.** Box C 69 Lancaster, Pa.

CLASS 25¢ PINS

BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKER CATALOG FREE
Either pin shown made with any 3 letters and 2 figures. 1 or 2 colors enamel. Silver plate 25¢ ea. \$2.50 doz. Sterling silver. 40¢ ea. \$4.00 doz.
BASTIAN BROS. CO.
600 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mfrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

A silken chemise *and* a kitchen apron should never meet in the hamper



It was naturally a fastidious woman who made this important discovery.

At first, the thought of her dainty undersilks in a damp, dark hamper with all the other household laundry was merely an unpleasant idea.

Then she learned that it actually shortened the life of her fragile things *by months* to expose them to the action of perspiration acids. Such garments should *never* lie in a damp, stuffy hamper for days after they are worn. Perspiration and dampness together rot silk, and wool, too. And there is perspiration in all garments that come into contact with the skin—even though they may not *look* soiled.

More and more women are coming to realize this. Considerations of personal daintiness, added to this danger, require for their delicate garments a quick tubbing in a bowlful of Ivory suds as soon as possible after being worn. This takes only a few minutes and results in the luxury of fresh garments every day—and in longer wear from them.

The choice of the soap for this quick, pleasant task is vitally important. Simply ask yourself, "Would I consider it safe for my face?" In the case of Ivory, cake or flakes, your instant answer would be, "Yes".

Ivory suds, from Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes, are distinctively suited to this daily tubbing because they are *pure*—the delicate skin of millions of women records Ivory's purity and gentleness. So, of course, an Ivory sudsing, no matter how frequent, will injure nothing that water alone will not harm.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Have you ever considered this?

A great many women do their entire household laundry with Ivory Soap—for their hands' sake, as well as for the sake of the clothes. Why not try Ivory for *your* weekly wash and other household tasks?

Your PERSONAL laundry

Every one of the modern garments listed below requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).

silk stockings*	dresses
silk lingerie*	handkerchiefs
silk nightgowns*	ties
silk blouses*	cuffs and collars
sweaters	sport skirts
scarves	silk negligees

* The garments indicated thus should be tubbed in Ivory suds as soon as possible after being worn.

IVORY Flakes

For a very special need
—a sample—FREE

If you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," which is a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. Address a post-card or letter to Section 36-BF, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

CAKE or FLAKES

It Floats ~ 99+1/100% Pure

